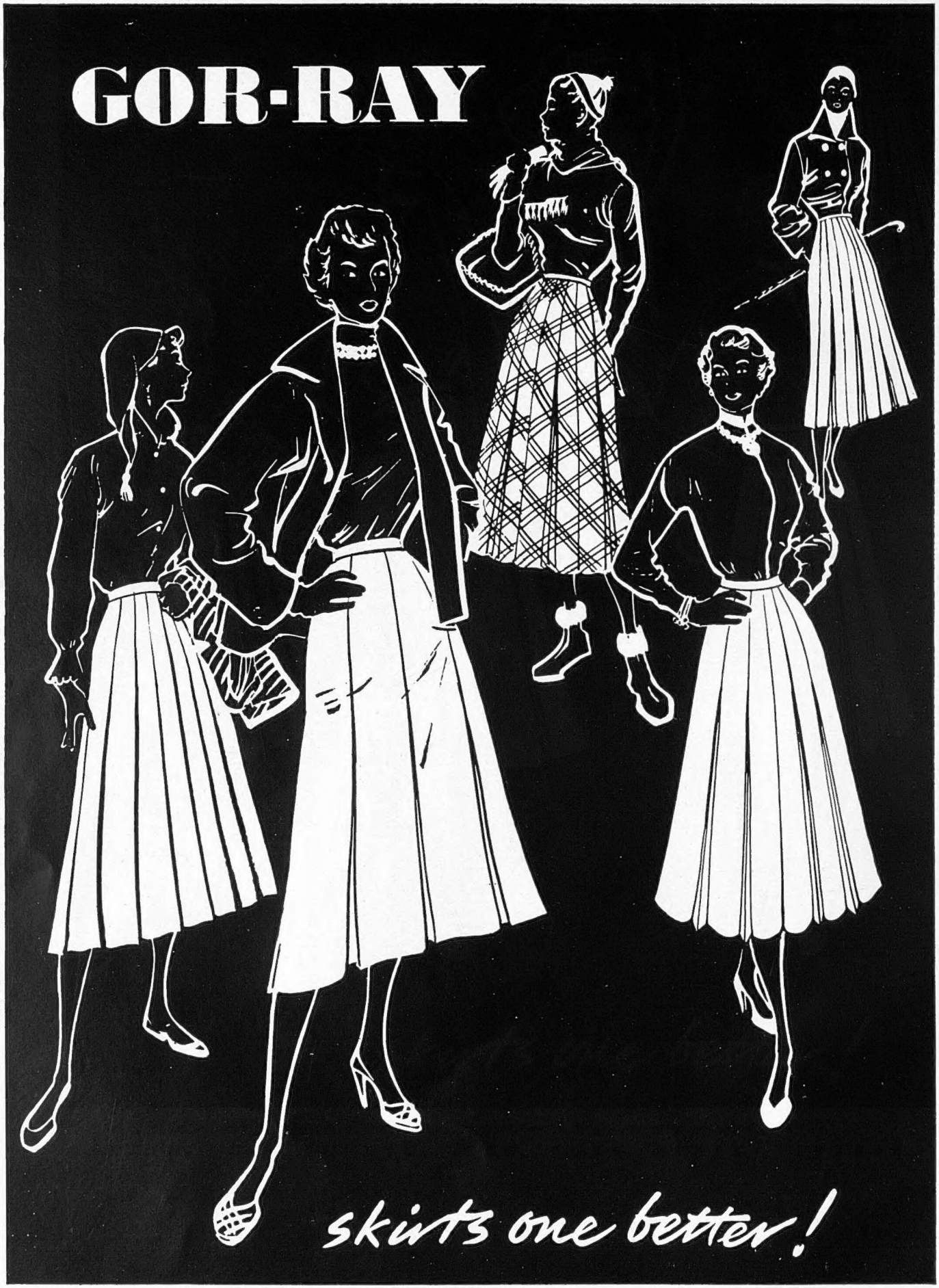
BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY, 1953

TWO SHILLINGS



From left to right—Koneray, Coronation, Duchess, Godet, Regina at prices ranging from 42/- to 5 gns.

GOR-RAY LIMITED 107 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 46 No. 5 MAY, 1953

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Cover Design *To Suit The Occasion*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

After 25—

GUARD AGAINST DRY SKIN

WHAT CAN YOU DO when your mirror spies out the first warning signs of dry skin?

Those flaky patches and tiny lines are telling you that the oil which keeps the skin young and supple is beginning to decrease. Your skin may lose 20 per cent of its softening oil before you are 40.

Take over the job yourself. Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This Cream is best because:

1 *It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's own oil*
2 *It is homogenized to soak in*
3 *It has a softening emulsifier*

HELP YOUR SKIN LIKE THIS

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face. Massage it in thoroughly, leaving a light, softening film all night. Dry skin "drinks up" this rich cream. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up, and be sure of day-long, soothing protection.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/9 and 5/6 a jar.

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When your system goes a little wrong

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE

very gently puts you right again

In liquid form 3/3, 5/9
Lozenges in bottles 2/6

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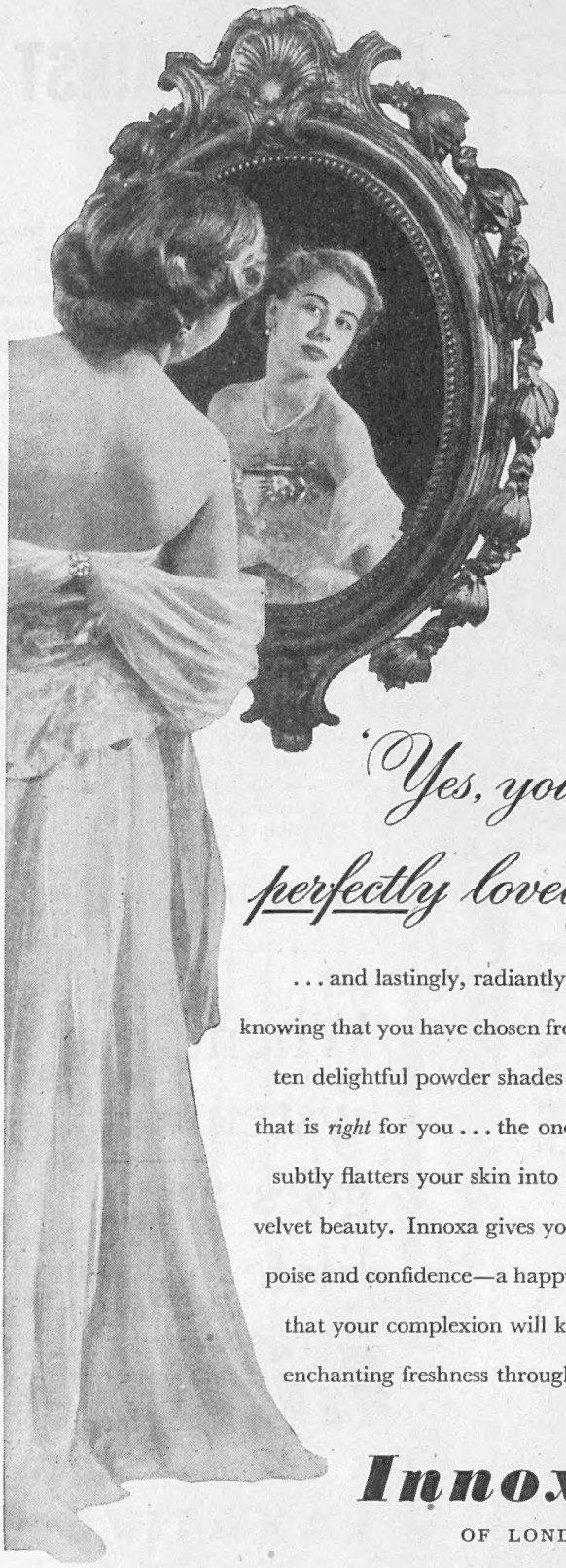

'Yes, you're perfectly lovely!'

. . . and lastingly, radiantly lovely, knowing that you have chosen from Innoxa's ten delightful powder shades the one that is *right* for you . . . the one that so subtly flatters your skin into a soft, velvet beauty. Innoxa gives you a carefree poise and confidence—a happy certainty that your complexion will keep an enchanting freshness through the hours.

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OF LONDON

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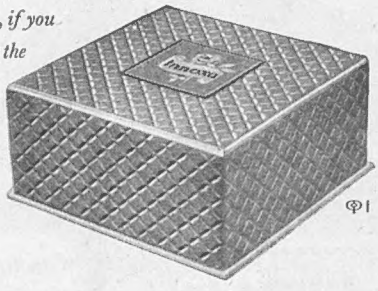

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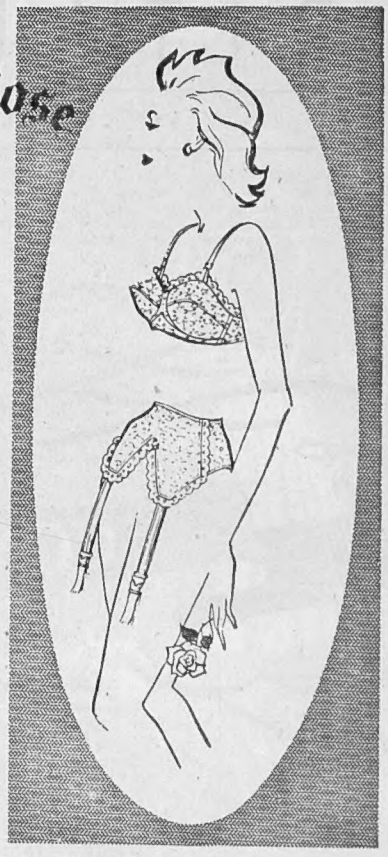
English Rose

Presents

BRODERIE ANGLAISE *but—NYLON!*



A new and spring-fresh bra-belt set in a delightful new fabric—broderie anglaise on nylon taffeta, white only, slotted with lilac or white satin ribbon. **Bra 016.** Perfect line and finish and sweetly dainty. A cup, 32"-36"; B cup, 32"-38". Price about 12/9. **Suspender belt 049,** to match brassiere. Waist sizes 23"-28". Price about 14/6.

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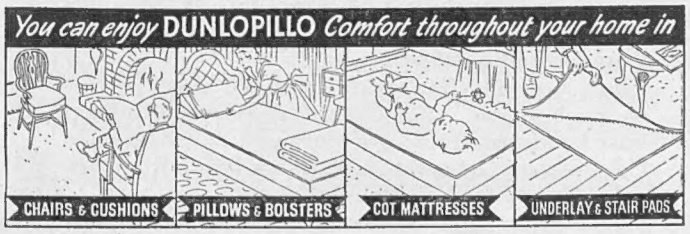
DUNLOPILLO

MATTRESSES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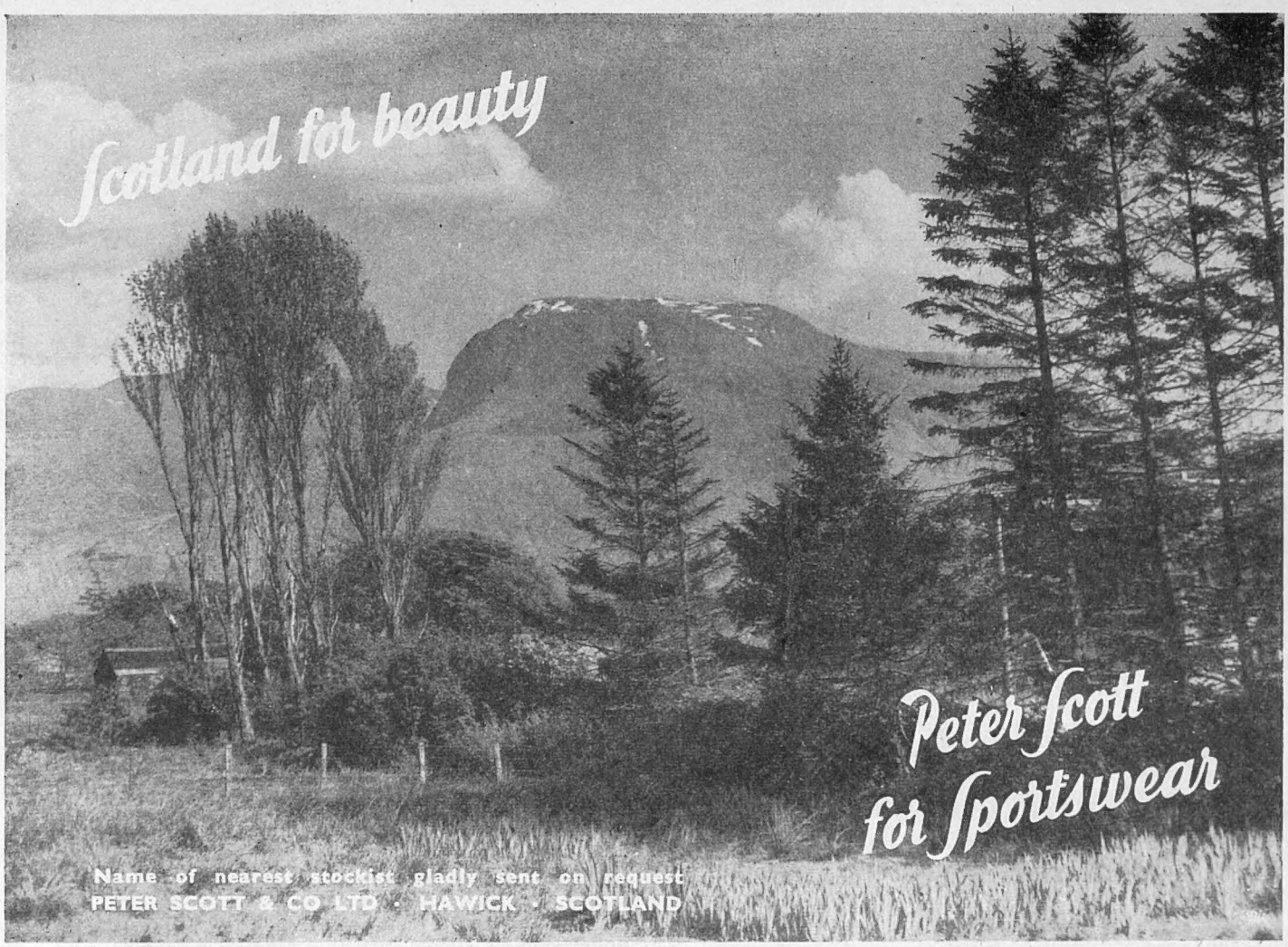
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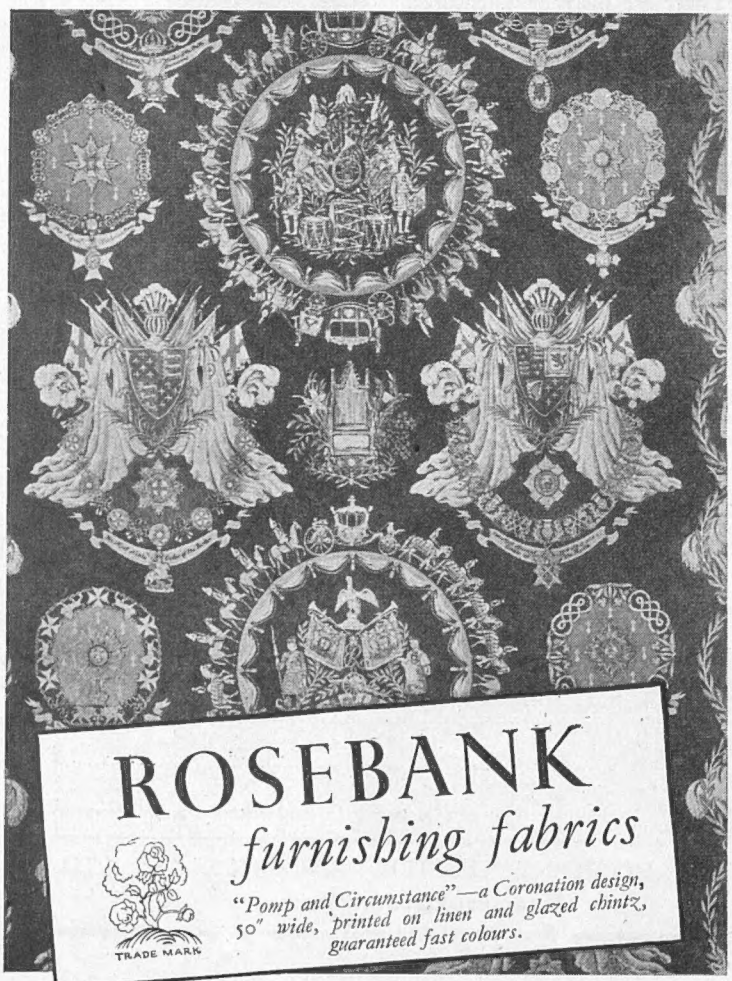
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furnishing fabrics
"Pomp and Circumstance"—a Coronation design, 50" wide, printed on linen and glazed chintz, guaranteed fast colours.
TRADE MARK

Obtainable from leading stores and furnishers

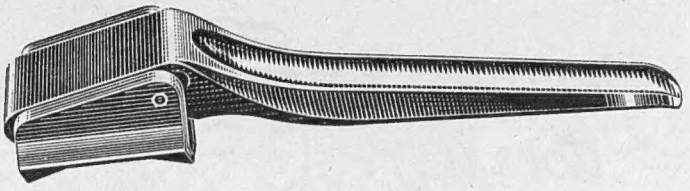
MANUFACTURED BY TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LIMITED
RAMSBOTTOM, MANCHESTER

I took myself in hand . .

I never used nail polish because I thought my nails weren't good enough. I've discovered now that Cutex actually *flatters* my nails.
Cutex not only flatters the nails—it stays perfect so much longer. For Cutex was planned to keep busy hands beautiful! For extra wear, wipe the nails clean of soap and grease with Cutex Polish Remover before applying Nail Polish.
Choose from 12 fashion shades, and see for yourself how much self-confidence comes from hands that look pretty and well cared for. 2/6 a bottle.

CUTEX Nail Polish

royds S10/4



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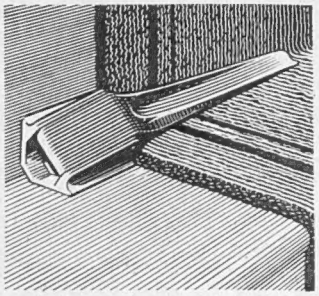
gives Tailor-made fit to your stair carpet

The HYLAND clip takes a gentle grip on your carpet, and holds it firmly and neatly right in the angle of every tread. That's because HYLAND grips along the whole length of its three and a half inches. It adjusts automatically to any thickness. One touch, and it finds its right level.

Sturdy yet elegant, finished in Florentine bronze or white metal, the HYLAND clip can be seen at all the leading furnishers. The name is stamped on the underside of each one; look for it before you buy and be certain of getting



**No. 1120 Florentine Bronzed Hyland Clip 6/- per pair. *No. 1120 Polished White Metal finished Hyland Clip 6/6 per pair. * No. 1140 Florentine Bronzed Junior Clip 2/6 per pair. *No. 1250 Florentine Bronzed Huntland Clip 2/3 per pair.*

the world's finest carpet clip!

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HUNTER & HYLAND LTD., HUNTLAND WORKS, INGRAVE STREET, BATTERSEA, S.W.11

PROTECT HEALTH AND HOME

5 SECONDS SPRAYING KILLS EVERY INSECT PEST IN THE ROOM

- **Contains active ingredients of 9 times its size of ordinary spray.**
- **Easy and clean to use.**
- **Sprays an average-sized room (1,000 cu. ft.) in 5 secs.**

Don't give disease-carrying flies a chance to pollute your food—kill them on sight *instantly* with a FLIT Aerosol. It costs only 7/6. Larger size 12/6.

Also—FLIT Liquid Insecticide with D.D.T. Hand Sprayers; FLIT Powder with D.D.T.; FLIT Fly Cards.

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FLIT
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AEROSOL
THE MOST MODERN METHOD OF PEST DESTRUCTION

A day in a life with an AGA

Regd. Trade Mark

It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer still when you've an Aga. Piping hot water in the tap, the kitchen comfortably warm, the airing done, the porridge made and ready, the . . . but excuse us, the kettle's boiling. (*Already !*)

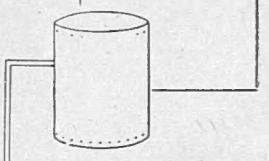
HOW THE AGA LOOKS AFTER YOU! The beautiful Aga never goes out. No waiting for cooking temperatures — no drudgery of any kind — no *bother*. The Aga never needs ' seeing to '. No switches or knobs or dampers. The thermostat does all the coaxing and adjusting for you, keeps ovens and hotplates at exactly the right cooking temperature, always.

ON THE TOP OF THE AGA are two big hotplates:

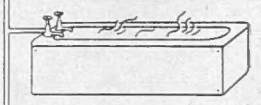
First class cooking

each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world — it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big. Nothing can boil over here — not even milk.

Piping hot water

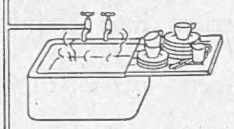


lots of it all day long



enough for three baths a day

a useful ' wash '



and all the washing-up and your cooking goes on just the same!

Then there are two big ovens. The top one, for baking and roasting, comfortably takes a 20 lb. turkey — and will cook it like a dream. The simmering oven, below, is same size. This is where you bottle fruit, and gently bring out the goodness in your soups and stews and casseroles; where you leave stock and porridge safely cooking through the night. And it will keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.

MONEY TO SPEND ON YOURSELF

However much you use your Aga, it is *guaranteed* not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. On coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this works out at about 1/- a day.

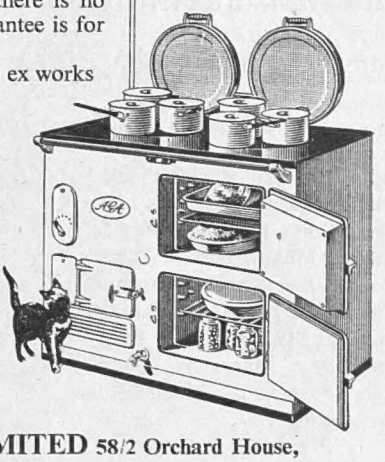
Work out how much you pay for cooking and water heating now. Work out how much you could save by doing these things *better* with an Aga!

Suppose you save 1/6 a day. This is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month, and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for *ten* years.

Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works

All from one fire in the AGA

Regd. Trade Mark



NOW THEN There's nothing to be shy about. There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga of their own. The first thing most of them did was to write in and ask for information — and that is the first thing you should do. The address to write to is:

AGA HEAT LIMITED 58/2 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1

★

HERE NOW is *nylon* 'Ermaleen', favourite of the many fabulous *nylon* 'Furleen' simulations. This luxurious Cape Stole with natural tails costs only 18 gns. approx. at leading fashion shops and stores.

isn't it lovely, this

nylon FURLEEN REGD.

WRAP YOURSELF in kitten-soft luxury—cuddle up to an armful of summer cloud. That's how it feels when you wear a *nylon* 'Furleen' creation. Produced now in many fabulous simulations in addition to snow-white, styled by master furriers into exquisite stoles, jackets, coats and tippets—*nylon* 'Furleen' is mothproof, crushproof and odourless. Prices range from 4 gns. upwards. It's *nylon*—it's more than a day-dream, and . . . isn't it lovely.

CORONATION ROBE and kirtle (below) for a Peeress. Chiffon velvet with snow-white *nylon* 'Furleen' — a noble tribute to this Queen of simulations.

Leading 'Furleen' stockists include Dickins & Jones . Selfridges . Peter Jones . John Lewis (Oxford St.) Whitfield (Shrewsbury & Kidderminster) . Bon Marché (Liverpool) Kendal Milne (Manchester) Rowntrees (Scarboro) . Busbys (Bradford) . Marments (Cardiff) Bonds (Norwich) . Hodgkinsons (Warrington).

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'Milk of Magnesia'
★REGD. TRADE MARK
Antacid-laxative
For Wind, Colicky Pains, Constipation and all Minor Upsets.

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Beautifully soft. Handles like fine cashmere. Made in ½ oz. balls in our 8 best shades.

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The rage of Europe for dainty headsquares, cloudy scarves and bedshawls. 18 shades.

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2-ply Super Botany
100% pure Botany, from which you can knit a Twin Set with only 5½ oz. The finest quality with the most economy! 24 shades in ½ oz. balls.

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Two things about a Bristow chair you will never have to worry about: its comfort, and its good looks. Both are there to stay, because the Bristow Chair is upholstered on a new principle incorporating resilient tension springs and scientifically shaped latex foam. There's nothing to sag, rust, make dust, or harbour moths.

Let us send you particulars of the range stocked by most good furniture stores. Prices run from £7 . 7 . 0, according to model and covering.

Bristow

The originators of chairs completely upholstered in Latex Foam

Made by:
BRISTOW & TOWNSEND LTD. OF HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.
B.E.1.

Cavalry twill

. . . tailored for leisure

THIS is the Commando among cloths, tough, solid, dependable. Hold it in your hand and you know that here is a cloth which *belongs* outdoors; wherever clothes and brambles get together.

Such a cloth is ideal for sport and leisure wear. Consider, for instance, our cavalry twill 'Breex,' for both men and women. These are the handsome belted slacks which bolster a man's confidence and minimize a woman's silhouette—their flat-set pockets and considerable hip design are a triumph of understatement. 'Breex' are available ready-to-wear, with leather-bound turn-ups, Lightning zip fasteners, and a suede-lined belt with our own unique stud-buckle; at about five guineas for women, five and a half for men.

Your 'Breex' can be worn with any sport or leisure jacket, but really excel themselves in the company of a cavalry twill all-purpose hacking jacket in the region of eight and a half guineas for women, ten for men.

Breex

Cavalry Twill breeches material has been the speciality of Harry Hall since 1915 and is now being tailored for leisure with the same meticulous skill which has made Harry Hall the most trusted name in riding wear. You can judge the results for yourself, one block south from Oxford Circus or at accredited agents throughout the country.*

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DESIGNED BY HARRY HALL

Messrs. Hallzone Ltd., 104 Marylebone Lane, W.1. (WELbeck 9962) will be pleased to supply the name and address of your nearest stockist.

He'll tell you the secret of

GOOD-LOOKING CURTAINS...

New curtains can be such a treat at this time of the year. Take a tip when buying your material—be sure you get "Rufflette" brand curtain tape with hooks or rings. All the best workrooms use "Rufflette" brand curtain tape, or you can make the curtains at home. They will be simplicity itself to launder—just slip out the hooks or rings, untie the drawcords and pull the curtains flat.

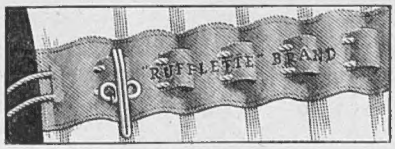
'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE with HOOKS or RINGS

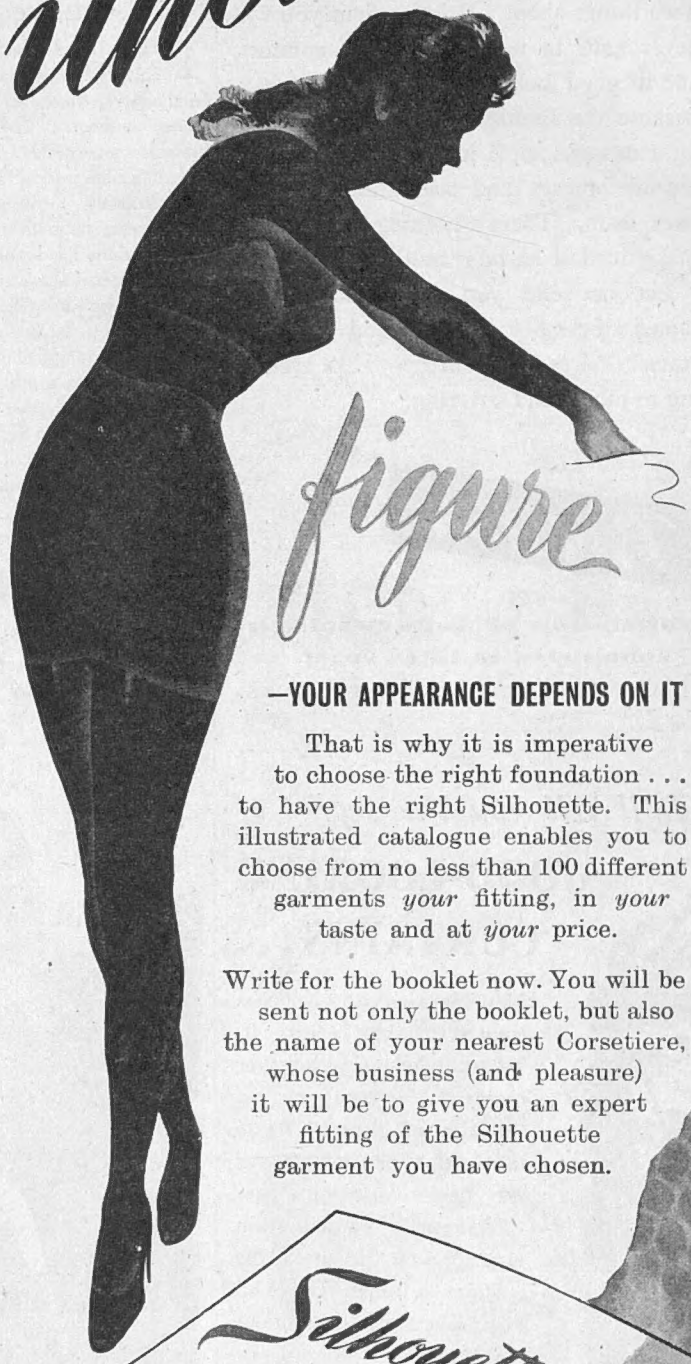
From all drapers, stores and furnishers. By the makers of 'Rufflette' Brand curtain runway — Thomas French & Sons Ltd., Manchester, Wythenshawe, London, U.S.A. and Canada.

"See 'Rufflette' Brand on every yard"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Silhouette your figure



—YOUR APPEARANCE DEPENDS ON IT

That is why it is imperative to choose the right foundation . . . to have the right Silhouette. This illustrated catalogue enables you to choose from no less than 100 different garments *your* fitting, in *your* taste and at *your* price.

Write for the booklet now. You will be sent not only the booklet, but also the name of your nearest Corsetiere, whose business (and pleasure) it will be to give you an expert fitting of the Silhouette garment you have chosen.

CORSETS · SILHOUETTE LTD., DEPT. B.E2, 130 PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1

THE WAITER

BY BARBARA CARTLAND.

AS her visitor was announced Lady Wrexham glanced up with eyes that were still bright and shrewd despite her age.

"A retired stockbroker," she said to herself.

Mr. Alan Brown entered the room and came towards her. He was a short, elderly man with grey hair and a thin, pale, insignificant face. He wore a black coat and conventional pin-stripe trousers, an old-fashioned wing collar with a bow-tie, and there was something very neat and methodical about him, so that one imagined his adding up figures or taking decisions in a dry, precise voice without the slightest note of emotion in it.

He reached Lady Wrexham's side, and when he realised that she could not move from her wheel-chair, bent down to take her hand in his.

"How do you do, Mr. Brown?" Lady Wrexham said in a hard, almost aggressive manner. "I understand you wish to see me?"

"That is why I wrote to you, Madam," Mr. Brown replied.

She liked his old-fashioned courtesy, and for a moment the deep lines round her mouth relaxed as though she might have smiled if it had not been too unusual an occurrence.

"And you wished to see me alone, I think," Lady Wrexham went on.

It was a statement more than a question, and the slight figure of a girl sitting sewing in the coldest and most uncomfortable corner of the room rose hastily to her feet.

Lady Wrexham turned her head to address her.

"You will go to the Times Book Club and change my books, Anne.

● *They all have one thing in common — they talk!*

"You will go to the Times Book Club and change my books immediately, Anne," instructed Lady Wrexham.

And don't be long about it. Last time you were away nearly two hours. If it happens again, you know what to expect."

"Yes, Aunt Muriel."

Mr. Brown thought that he caught a glimpse of terror in the girl's brown eyes, but before he could make sure, she had hurried from the room and the door had closed behind her.

"Lazy—that 's what all the modern generation are," Lady Wrexham said positively. "Lazy and feckless."

"Perhaps you are prejudiced, Madam," Mr. Brown replied. He adjusted his pince-nez on his narrow nose as he spoke, looked round and, perceiving a chair near her ladyship, sat down on it.

"Now, Mr. Brown, state your business," Lady Wrexham said sharply. "I 'm a busy woman, though you may not think it, seeing that I 'm tied to an invalid chair. But if my body is frail, there 's nothing wrong with my brain."

"So I 've heard, Madam," Mr. Brown answered. "And since you wish it, I will come straight to the point. You are quite certain there is no likelihood of our being overheard ? "

"Not the slightest," Lady Wrexham replied reassuringly. "The servants are downstairs ; there is no excuse for them to be lingering about eavesdropping on the first floor. That is why I have my private sitting-room up here. My niece, who acts as my companion, has, as you have just heard, gone to the Times Book Club to change my library books. You can be certain she will not be back for an hour at least ! "

THERE was an asperity in her ladyship's tone which did not escape Mr. Brown. He sat looking at her through his pince-nez, the lenses of which slightly magnified his eyes, and at that moment they seemed to Lady Wrexham to be unexpectedly keen and penetrating. They even made her feel slightly uncomfortable, until, in the voice of a sergeant-major rallying a recreant squad, she snapped :

"Come along, Mr. Brown ! Out with it ! What is it you have to tell me ? "

Mr. Brown appeared to hesitate no longer.

"I have come here to tell you, Madam, something which I am afraid

you will not find pleasant hearing. It is that you are about to die!"

Lady Wrexham looked at him speculatively.

"Religious!" she snorted. "Which sect?"

"None, as it happens," Mr. Brown answered. "The reason I am here is not religion, but one of common humanity. Perhaps it would be fairer to you if I explained myself. I am a waiter—yes, Madam, you look startled. I agree with what I see hovers unspoken on your lips.

"It is undoubtedly a presumption that I, a waiter, should dare to write to you as I did to ask that I might see you alone on a matter of great importance. Yet, when you have heard me, you will, I am sure, agree that your death is of great importance to you and to, perhaps, a number of other people."

"WHAT is this nonsense?" Lady Wrexham asked.

"To continue," Mr. Brown said, in a voice of quiet patience. "I am, as I have already said, a waiter. Not a waiter in a restaurant or in a hotel. I am hired by a very well-known firm of caterers. Their clientele is the most exclusive in London, and therefore you will understand that I find myself continually among the best-known people in the land.

"They are not always the best-bred, Madam; I would not have you think that. They have money, otherwise they would not be able to hire me, and they often have intelligence, but whatever strata of society to which they belong, they all have one thing in common—they talk! They talk about their friends, they talk about their acquaintances, they talk about people of whom they have an intimate knowledge."

"What has this got to do with me?" Lady Wrexham asked furiously. "You have come here under false pretences. I have no desire to listen to your story. You must leave at once."

As she spoke she put out her hand towards an electric bell-push which stood on a small mahogany table by her side. Before she could press it, however, Mr. Brown rose and moved the table out of her reach.

"Forgive me," he said in his quiet, unemotional voice, "but we must not be interrupted. You must listen to what I have to say—before you die!"

"How dare you!" Lady Wrexham spluttered, and suddenly a sense of her own impotence seemed to come over her, for she cried on a note of fear: "I shall send for the police! I shall have you put in prison!"

"Pray calm yourself," Mr. Brown said, "and if your Ladyship will forgive me, I will go on with my story—it is important, you know. Very important to you."

SHE was silent then, but her plump fingers twitched nervously in her lap.

"As I was saying, in the years I have been waiting I have come in touch with a great number of people. During those years I have learnt to note, to listen and to learn about certain people whom I considered dangerous. Yes, dangerous is the right word, for wicked people are very dangerous, Lady Wrexham! They do immeasurable harm; they corrupt and deprave a circle around them—a circle which widens and grows greater according to their influence and power. And power often, unfortunately, rests on wealth. You are a very wealthy woman, Lady Wrexham."

"Is it money you want?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"No. If I took money from you, I in my turn should also be evil."

"You are mad!"

Again he shook his head.

"No, not mad," he contradicted, "only perhaps a little more far-seeing, a little more perceptive than most of my fellow-men. It is because I hate suffering, because I dislike to see the tears of the helpless, that I have taken upon myself a task—a formidable task, Madam. But one which, to date, I can say to my own satisfaction that I have performed creditably. It is the task of ridding the world of those I consider no longer fit to live—those who are too evil to survive."

"Fanatic! Anarchist!" Lady Wrexham shouted.

"If that were true I should attack far more prominent people than you—prominent in a social and worldly sense. But I have chosen you, Madam, as my tenth case, because in your own way I consider you morally of great significance."

"Your tenth case?" Lady Wrexham questioned.

" Yes. There have been nine before you—nine people who have died because they were evil ! "

Lady Wrexham decided she was dealing with a lunatic. Somewhere in the back of her brain she remembered one should always humour a lunatic.

" You are mistaken," she said in a quieter tone, " but perhaps you had better tell me why you consider me evil."

IN answer, Mr. Brown drew a little note-book from his waistcoat pocket and turned over the pages, his lips pursed in the effort of concentration as if he were thumbing through a railway time-table.

" Case Ten," he said. " You are the widow of Sir Samuel Wrexham, a man who made an enormous fortune in wool ? "

" That is right," Lady Wrexham agreed.

" From all accounts he was an honest, decent sort of man," Mr. Brown went on, " liked by his fellows and trusted by those with whom he did business. He married above his station. You were better-bred than Samuel Wrexham, but you were poor.

" When your husband died he left you his money, believing, I am sure, that you would carry on many of the good works with which he had been associated all his life. But you did nothing of the sort. You stopped all subscriptions to charity.

" You sold the country house which had been your husband's pride and you refused pensions to all those who had served both him and you loyally for a great many years of their lives."

" The place was too big for me," Lady Wrexham expostulated. " I never cared for it. It was Samuel who liked the country. Why should I keep a lot of old people in laziness ? They could have saved, couldn't they ? They were well paid when they were working."

" I am not arguing about what you did, for the moment," Mr. Brown answered. " I am merely stating facts. You came to London, you bought this house and you settled here. You were well aware that your husband had a number of relations—a niece and three nephews.

" He always promised them that he would look after them when he died. Although he left his money to you for your lifetime, he must have intended that you should do something for those who were of the same blood as himself. What have you done ? "

" I 've done my best for them," Lady Wrexham said defiantly.

" Your best ? " Mr. Brown (*Continued on page* 54)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN.

He had to wait at a cocktail party at Sir Montague Thompson's, and he had a feeling Sir Montague might possibly be Case Eleven.

Frontispiece to "Caroline Norton" by Alice Acland (Publisher: Constable)

The Woman Who Conquered Men

By
DOREEN GORSKY

"I DO not ask for my rights. I have no rights; I have only wrongs." How many married women of today understand the significance of those words or how much they owe to the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Norton who spoke them at the Westminster County Court on August 18, 1853? Messrs. Thrupp, coachbuilders of Oxford Street were suing her husband, Mr. George Chapple Norton for payment of the sum of £49 4s. 6d. for work and labour supplied to Mrs. Norton for the maintenance of her carriage.

Caroline Norton, subpoenaed as an unwilling witness to prove the accounts correct, was determined to use the opportunity presented in the crowded court room for a public denunciation of her wrongs and the wrongs of all married women. To the judge who tried vainly to quieten her she replied, "I am here for justice and as this is a Court of Justice I insist upon stating what I have to say. These tradesmen would have been paid if Mr. Norton had not performed the greatest breach of faith that was ever accomplished by man." Her reference was to her husband's refusal to pay her an allowance of £400 a year to which he had agreed as part of a Deed of Separation to which he had put his signature.

Before 1857, when the first Matrimonial Causes Act was passed, a married woman had no separate existence in the eyes of the law. Once married she could make no contract with her husband or anybody else. Everything that was hers or that she might inherit was administered by her husband. If she had any earnings her husband was entitled to claim them.

When the Bill of 1857 was being debated in the House of Lords, terrible tales were told by its supporters of the cruelties and injustices which were inflicted on women married to unscrupulous men. Among other things, it was alleged that in Lancashire it was a common sight to see the husbands waiting outside the door of the pay office in which the women workers received their pay. As the wives came out, their hands were seized by the waiting husbands, not in affection, but to grasp the money which if not voluntarily surrendered was quickly extorted by force.

For these women there was no redress. Nor was there redress for a wife deserted by her husband for another woman. One wife struggled to earn a pittance to keep herself and her children as a lady's shoemaker, but her husband, hearing of her efforts, returned, took possession of her earnings, sold up the furniture and returned with the proceeds to his paramour.

The secure and independent position enjoyed by married women today is very largely due to the efforts of Caroline Norton who out of her own sufferings was driven to use her gifts as writer and society beauty to gain support for changes in the law.

Mrs. Norton was one of three sisters of whom, the eldest, speaking to Disraeli said, "You see Georgy's the beauty, and Carry's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, but I am not."

CAROLINE was an individualist who found herself at loggerheads with the proprieties of the age in which she lived. She was not in love with George Norton when she married him whereas he had been captivated by her beauty. But like so many marriages, it might have turned out reasonably well but for a fateful mixture of circumstances and family interference. George Norton who was of a petty, mean disposition, mediocre and with few talents, came from a strongly Tory family. Caroline Sheridan, granddaughter of the Irish poet was beautiful, brilliant and witty and a Whig by inheritance. Impulsive and tantalizing and of indifferent judgment but withal generous and forgiving.

The *cause célèbre* which ended all hope of any settled married life between herself and George Norton was provoked by his weakness and cupidity.

Over a long period, with the full cognisance and encouragement of her husband, Caroline had (*continued on page* 54)

IF YOU WERE

IN THE ABBEY

IN a Royal bedchamber a young woman opens her eyes to the most solemn day of her life. For the day is Coronation Day, the second day of June, and soon she is to be crowned Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of this great country of Britain and her Realms beyond the Seas, Queen!

From a fantastically early hour the streets of London have been thronged and terraced with gay crowds of her loyal subjects. Thousands more of the highest in the land await within the great twin-towered Abbey Church, its interior all glorious with drapings of blue-and-gold like a heraldic impression of the brilliance of the day; but what is the picture within the Abbey?

The Crown Jewels, priceless treasures of gold, studded with pearls, diamonds and rubies of unbelievable size, flash their incredible brilliance from the table in the annexe where the royal retinue assembles. Archbishops and Bishops in copes of gold, green and red await the Queen's coming. The Earl Marshal in scarlet and ermine receives her at the steps of the West door, and in the annexe built on to the front of the Abbey the glittering parade takes form. Gorgeously arrayed Heralds in scarlet and gold. Knights of the Garter are there in sweeping cloaks of deep blue velvet with knots of ribbon on the shoulders. They wear white buckled shoes and thigh-length stockings below a richly embroidered tunic with cascades of lace at neck and wrists. Garter Knights are supported by Knights of the Bath in magenta cloaks with brocaded breeches and tunics with Elizabethan ruffs of lace at the neck.

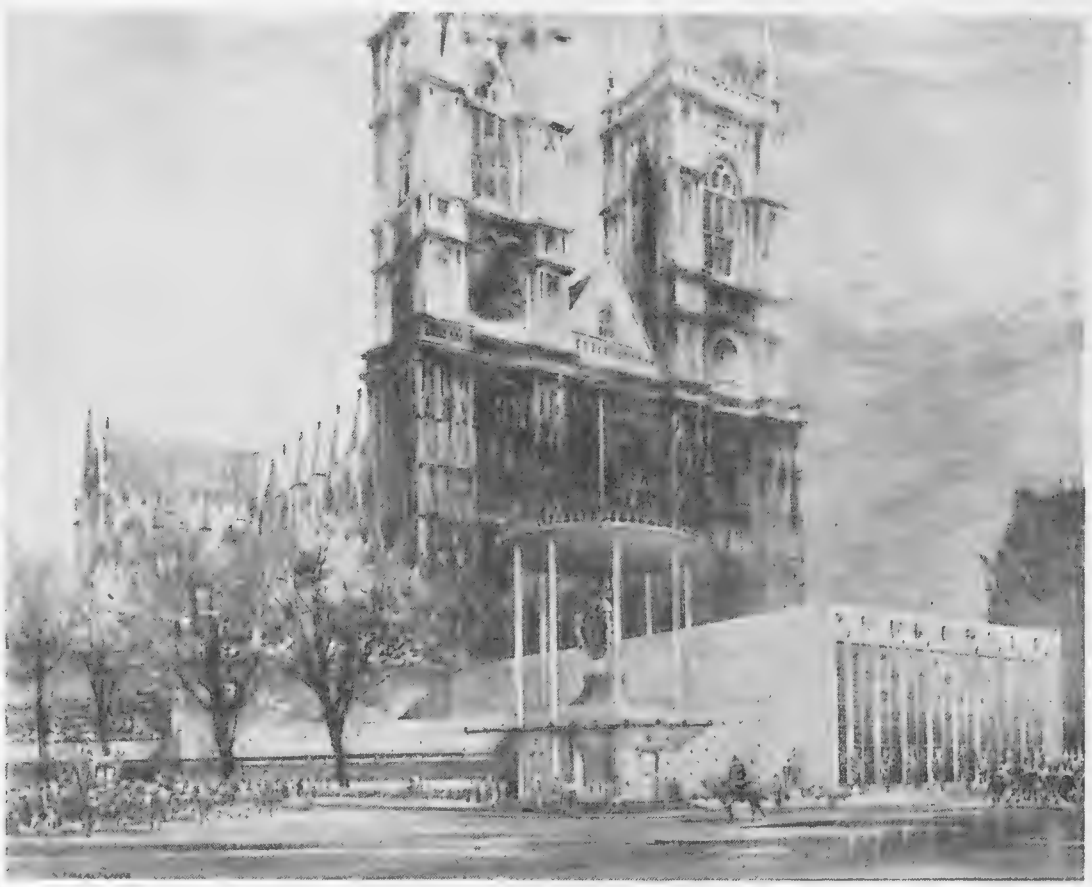
The Prime Minister, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prelates in scintillating vestments await her, holding high their crosses of gold. The Lord Mayor of London, and the proud bearers of the Golden Spurs, jewelled swords, and Crown and Orb and Sceptre on velvet cushions—these, the mighty of the realm, escort their Sovereign to the Altar.

Up the nave to the centre of the Abbey they come. Elizabeth the Second walks in queenly majesty, enclosed by Gentlemen-at-Arms, and followed by Train-bearers. The scarlet Robe of State trails its yards of velvet and ermine behind her, supported by boy pages in white and gold.

As a thrilling and unexpected part of the opening anthem, the scholars of Westminster School acclaim her entrance with shouts of "*Vivat!*" Now she ascends the steps of the theatre (the high platform in the centre of the Abbey) and takes her seat upon the Chair of Estate. All eyes are upon her, and how wonderful she looks!

SHE is facing at present across the church, and the ceremony begins. First comes the Act of Recognition. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, who conducts the Coronation service, advances to the eastern part of the theatre, attended by high officials of State. The Queen turns to the east. The Archbishop asks a question, and repeats it to each quarter of the Abbey, the Queen turning as his procession moves round. "Sirs," he says, "I here present unto you Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted Queen. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

Each time the Westminster scholars lead a great



The specially designed annexe to Westminster Abbey provides assembly space for the formation of the Coronation procession within the Abbey. The Queen will enter through a porch on the northern side of the annexe

At the most solemn moment the Queen is enthroned beneath the canopy of cloth of gold supported by Knights of the Garter in mantles of crimson velvet

By JOHN MAY

shout of acceptance: "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Trumpets ring out repeatedly their silvery call. The congregation roars it again and again. *"God save Queen Elizabeth!"*

Then, in a dramatic change, the Queen is quietly taking the Oath, the complementary part of the mutual acceptance of sovereign and ourselves, her people. To the Archbishop's long questions, in her clear, sweet voice she makes reply, "I solemnly promise so to do." It is a pledge to rule us well. She kneels, she kisses the Book, she signs her name *Elizabeth R.* upon a parchment, the legal record of the Coronation Oath.

The ceremony is at least a thousand years old, but here, in the newest revision, the Archbishop and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland jointly present the Queen with the Bible. Says the Moderator: "Here is Wisdom; This is the Royal Law; These are the Lively Oracles of God."

COMES the Anointing, the second and holiest part of the service. The choir is singing Handel's anthem "Zadok the Priest" (Zadok in Biblical times anointed King Solomon), and the Queen is disrobed. The Lord High Chamberlain removes the crimson robe, and she moves to King Edward's Chair. This is the famous high-backed Coronation Chair (from which, you will remember, the Stone of Scone so recently disappeared for a time) and it faces towards the altar. Now four Knights of the Garter approach and hold over the Queen's head on four tall standards a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold.

Dipping his fingers in the consecrated oil in the golden Anointing Spoon, the Archbishop makes the symbol of the cross on the palms of the Queen's hands, and on the crown of her head. ". . . as Kings, Priests and Prophets were anointed," he finishes. She is (*Continued on page* 62)

Interior of the annexe with its tapestries and the waiting Regalia as arranged for the Coronation of George VI

TOWNS IN TRANSIT

By

GUY LIVINGSTON

Economic stringency and legal inadequacy are largely responsible for the lack of balance between the growth of homes and the amenities in our new townships

NOW being built in various parts of Britain are thirteen new townships that are realizing as ambitious a re-settlement project as has ever taken shape on the drawing-boards of the town-planners. They are the New Towns mooted by Lord Reith and his committee in 1946 to promote a "planned decentralization from congested urban areas."

London being the main "decentralisation" target of the Reith Committee, eight of these New Towns are rising among the green fields of the Home Counties. Basildon and Harlow in Essex, Hatfield, Hemel Hempstead, Stevenage and Welwyn in Hertfordshire, Crawley in Sussex and Bracknell in Berkshire—their names are familiar enough by now. And though their scale varies and the manner of their planning has differed, they all have one common purpose—to re-house overcrowded Londoners.

Only Harlow is completely new. For Hemel Hempstead, Crawley and Stevenage there is the nucleus of a small existing town; and Basildon, Welwyn, Hatfield and Bracknell (this being only just begun) are extensions, too. In some cases where New Towns have been tacked on to older communities there have admittedly been resentments at first; but the friction has generally been smoothed out and tolerance has prevailed.

In a planning-conscious age the limelight of publicity has shone brightly on these embryo communities as pioneer conceptions (if the garden cities of Letchworth and Welwyn are excepted) in town-planning. And indeed the idea behind them is a fine one. Townships made to order on the country's doorstep, they are surely an alternative a thousand times better than an aimlessly sprawling suburbia, a vast, ever-spreading dormitory-land where corporate spirit, civic loyalties and regional attachments have little meaning.

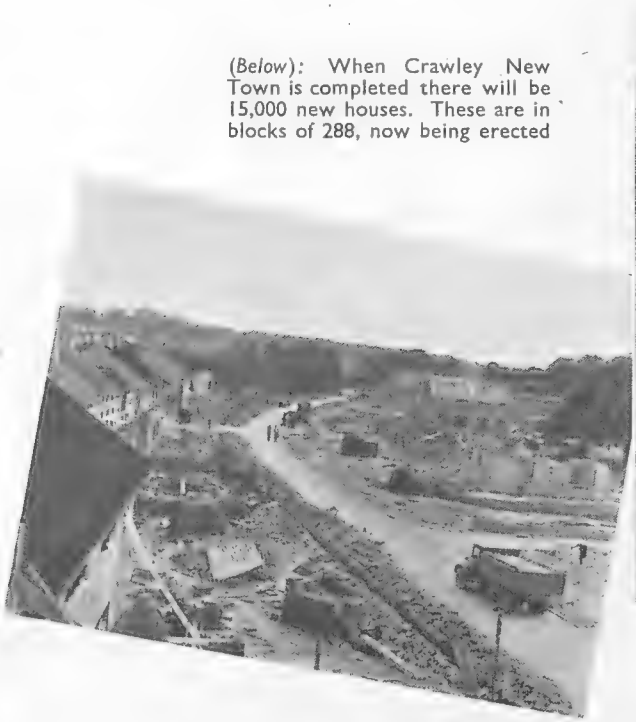
For some 400,000 Londoners—the number eventually to find homes in them—the New Towns hold promise as communities where they can grow genuine local roots, acquire local prides and interests and engage, in many cases, in locally sited industries.

But, alas, there have been snags: London's New Towns have not been turning out quite as planned. For they are lagging badly in those very amenities for self-contained communal living whose provision was to make them such a huge improvement on the suburbs and the overcrowded districts of inner London.

Community centres, club premises, churches, recreation rooms, all those places where the transplanted townsmen could meet together, get to know each other and inaugurate and run their local affairs are reported as woefully deficient.

THIS contrasts unhappily with the record of domestic building progress in the towns. By the end of 1952 nearly 8,000 dwelling-houses had been erected and about the same number were under construction, over eighty shops were open, there were almost 100 miles of new roads, and over a million square feet of factory space had been provided.

This lack of social facilities in the towns that were to be models of balanced urban living is no fault of the "management." The Development Corporations of Harlow, Crawley and other towns have recently complained strongly at being unable to meet the demands of their townsmen for communal meeting-places. And churchmen, concerned at the absence of church buildings, have joined in a chorus of protest. (*Continued on page* 60)



(Below): When Crawley New Town is completed there will be 15,000 new houses. These are in blocks of 288, now being erected

Above are some of the individually planned houses on the new Crawley estate, where hundreds will eventually live in comfort

WE used to sit in the garden in the sunshine and even then Rosalie seemed to crave more affection than her parents could give

"Too Short A Blessing"

By Lilian Chisholm

Illustrations by Terence Freeman

All the child wanted was affection, and I thought I could satisfy her insane possessiveness

THE first time I saw Rosalie was when she was about five hours old. As it is quite impossible to describe a newly-born infant, without being obnoxiously sentimental, or alternatively to offend the parents for ever, let us say that she was a normal baby in all respects. She did all the correct things, I was told. She bellowed upon being introduced to the world, she had the right number of limbs, fingernails, and so on, and she fastened upon her mother's breast, when invited so to do, like a leech.

I remember that Mary and Bill were delighted with her. They were not young, and all their well-wishing friends had looked upon this happy event as a possible solution to all their problems. The trouble with Mary and Bill, as we saw it, was that they were two fiery-tempered people thrust together in too small a space. We all loved Mary, and had the greatest liking and admiration for Bill—that was why we all hated to see the rather tempestuous thing they had made of marriage.

Naturally we did not see the reconciliations which probably followed their high-explosive quarrels, but most of us had, at one time or another, been the confidant of either Mary or Bill, and had received the hackneyed assurance that divorce was the only solution to their problem. Now, we decided unctuously, Rosalie would take the place of divorce—she would weld together what divorce would have sundered.

IT did seem that our prophecies were coming true, too. Rosalie, from the time she reached the talking-walking age, was one of the most loving creatures imaginable. She seemed to have a craving for affection, the like of which I had never witnessed. One of my earliest memories of her was on a summer afternoon when I called to see Mary and Bill. We were in the garden, and we had been talking desultorily, for it was very hot, and the child was sitting on my knee, her head against my shoulder, her eyes fixed adoringly upon her parents. Suddenly, like one of those storms which blow up out of a clear blue sky, Mary said something which irritated Bill. He flared up instantly, his face flushed, his voice sharp. Mary retaliated—she was always a proud little beauty—and words began to fly like poisoned arrows. I'd seen so many of these battles, I was more inclined to

tolerant amusement than any deeper feeling, but I felt the child on my knee stiffen, till she was sitting like a ramrod. I looked at her, and was horrified by the tension of her body, the white grief of her face. There was something oddly adult in her silence, her pitiful stare—so much so that I suppose I spoke more sharply than I intended.

"Can't you remember the child?" I snapped at them, and they stopped, just as if I had suddenly taken scissors to their tongues. They stared at me blankly, then at the child. Looking back now, I realize that Mary was not startled so much as bewildered. She looked at Rosalie as if it needed a physical effort for her to remember whose child she was, and why she was there at all. Bill didn't say anything at all—just lolled back in his chair and closed his eyes. I'd never have thought it possible for me to feel embarrassed before Bill and Mary, but at that moment I did. Rosalie slipped from my knee and ran to her mother, nuzzling against her like a young animal. Presently we began to talk again, normally. There was no reason that I could see why I should go home with a splitting headache, and a feeling of strange resentment against my old friends, but I did.

I never saw them quarrel in public again, but I do know that they still quarrelled occasionally at home. They'd be a strange couple if no disagreement ever ruffled the surface of their married life, of course, but Rosalie has told me, since, how she suffered on those many occasions when they waited until she had gone to bed, before airing their grievances. Sometimes, she has told me, they'd shout at one another until late in the night, so that she would bury her head beneath the clothes of her bed, and almost suffocate.

WHEN the time came for Rosalie to go to school, Bill was all for sending the child to boarding school, but Mary would have none of it. I must admit that I agreed with her, wondering how Bill had the heart to suggest sending so sensitive a child away from home. Those who had precious little humanity in their hearts suggested that Bill wanted to clear the deck for action—he wanted to be free to quarrel as much and as often as he liked, without Rosalie's reproachful eyes for ever fixed upon him. I was not of that opinion, because I had seen Rosalie with Bill, and I knew that if the child worshipped her father, he, in no less manner, adored his child. So I was bewildered by his attitude in wanting to send her away, and could only suppose it was done with the deliberate wish to hurt Mary. I thought there must be a streak of sadism in Bill's make-up, and this was just a slight evidence of it.

Well, Rosalie was not sent away. Mary told me, in confidence, that they had to send for the doctor in the night, and he reproached them bitterly for upsetting so young a child in so cruel a fashion. "This child is highly sensitive, and needs as much love as you can give her," he told them, "If you people have children, then you must be prepared to sacrifice something to their needs. What Rosalie needs is you—both of you."

Well, Rosalie had what she needed, so far as Mary and Bill could give it to her. The dear child was positively leech-like in her determination to extract the last reluctant drop of her parents' affection,

ROSALIE, Molly Javers and Frank Adams went about together for a time, and I can remember thinking that it would be a good and pleasant thing for Rosalie to know the company of a boy for a change

and I told myself that, as the years passed, Mary and Bill had to thank Rosalie alone for the continuation of their marriage. Without her, I imagined, they would have parted long since. Rosalie, as I saw it, became the vacuum into which they poured all their abounding passions, their distorted affections. By almost superhuman effort they managed to keep up, before the world, an appearance of happiness and mutual satisfaction. They did all the things that parents are supposed to do—they gave parties, attended prize-givings; sports meetings, dances and school picnics.

It must have been when Rosalie was about twelve that the word divorce drifted into her small world. There was a child in her class at school whose parents had been divorced, and naturally the child was basking in the novelty of being a child who was divided between two parents. Some of the children actually envied this little girl whose holidays were spent one time with her mother, the next time with her father—but to Rosalie the whole thing was a nightmare which might, if Fate was unkind enough, happen to her.

She became supersensitive to every tone in Mary's voice, to every glance Bill gave his wife. When they went out together, the child worked feverishly to present the picture of a united family to the world. When Mary and Bill were genuinely on good terms, she dug trenches around the three of them, keeping out the rest of the world, but allowing them to gaze enviously across the chasm at this delightful family group.

WHEN quarrels threatened, she built up high walls around them, constructed of her own childish affections, so that, in watching the child's puppet-show, they failed to notice Mary and Bill. Mary confided to me that she was worried about the child—that she slept badly, and, when she did sleep, was always in the grip of restless nightmares.

It was about that time, I think, that I first began to feel the rot setting in to my friendship with Mary and Bill. I had always thought them fine people, but my love for little Rosalie made me see them through her clear young eyes. I knew that if they ever did contemplate separation, I would hate them, for Rosalie's sake.

Once, indeed, Mary did come to me—her lovely eyes disfigured with weeping, her features distorted almost beyond recognition, and told me that she couldn't endure her life a moment longer. If she had expected sympathy from me, she did not get it. I told her she was acting like a spoiled child, and that if she could not consider Bill's feelings, at least she might remember that she had a daughter whose entire life might well be warped and spoiled if Mary did anything foolish now. "You made a bargain with Bill, and you sealed it the day Rosalie was conceived," I told her—unaware of my own smugness—"and now you must stick by that bargain." (*Continued on page* 58)

Paris On Your Laundry List

Givenchy

Dessès

Givenchy

By
ROSEMARY CHUBB

THIS summer Paris has dived straight into the laundry basket for its prettiest fashion story—"wash-tub white."

While the milky China silks and creamy ottomans are very lovely, the real news is made by snowy "linen-cupboard" fabrics. Up come linens and handkerchief-lawns, marcellas, piqués and frosty cotton organdies—even the old-fashioned cotton counterpane lends its nubbly honeycomb weave for white sheath dresses. Balenciaga's miraculously simple white marcella suits and evening gowns; Dessès's pin-dotted cotton ruffles; ice-cool organdies from Dior and Balmain; Givenchy's airy white lawn day dresses; Fath's cotton ottoman coats (white with delicate black etching)—all have such a delicious crackling freshness that one thinks lovingly of soap-suds, clear-starch, sunlight and the sweet, warm smell of ironing.

And this is a Paris idea which *everyone* can follow. Big-scale white is a tonic for any wardrobe, though in this country we have always been over-timid in our use of it. Now that the French designers have given us a lead, we can all make a bold bid for wash-tub white. The spotlessness and tissue-paper freshness of white cotton will certainly do the trick without breaking the bank; in a billowing piqué coat, in a heavy marcella dinner-dress, in white lawn for afternoons, or in

Balenciaga.

Susan Small.

Paris started the " napery " look and London carries it on. Susan Small's polished cotton, right, is typical of many English models which will come through washing with their lustre undimmed.

snowy linens and poplins for holidays we shall have just the festive, party-going look we need.

Think of white as a great big " plus " sign for summer—spiced with gold jewellery and sandals for evening, with beige or cinnamon accessories for Henley, with a vast scarlet pagoda hat for Ascot; with a rosy parasol, an emerald cummerbund, a brilliant head-scarf—in fact, as a dazzling background to every accessory you ever hoped to own, and a ravishing face-lift to basic monotones.

It 's essentially a " young " idea—but the older woman too can bask in the immense flattery of crisp white provided it is given a " grown-up " look with a huge black rose or a tiny black hat.

OF course, white must be immaculate—but any woman who says, " Oh, I *couldn't* wear it—it 's so IMPRACTICAL," deserves to have soap put back on the ration ! The whole essence of *all* good summer fashion is its absolute cleanness, its close association with the soapsuds and the ironing-board. White is indeed no more practical than any pale or patterned cotton—it is merely more of a give-away if one is lazy, and it can *never* be worn that fatal day too long ! On the credit side, white cotton is such a dazzling compliment to any woman that it well repays the few extra minutes here and there spent in preserving its laundered loveliness.

Another advantage of this year's " snowball " notion is the sheer *soundness* of the materials it uses. Many fabric fashions have brought with them crops of difficulties in washing and wear—but this year's cottons won't do that. They are old, loved friends taken out of the linen cupboard and given couture ideas. Their new circumstances haven't gone to their heads, however—labelled as they may now be with the greatest names in Paris—for centuries of weekly tubbing and boiling lie behind them and they come up smiling, as sturdy, sensible and full of character as ever they were.

For the woman who likes to make her own clothes, bolts of tried-and-tested laundry-list fabrics lie ready in the shops, at extremely reasonable prices, waiting for scissors and sewing machines to transform them into enchanting reflections of this year's Paris. And English dress manufacturers have responded instantly to the brilliance of the " napery " look, and have rushed through a galaxy of " washable whites " for off-the-peg shoppers.

In fact, everything has been done to make it easy for us—all that now remains is for us to have the courage to *wear* white cotton. If we fail, we can't plead expense (it 's relatively cheap), or that it won't wash (it will—like a handkerchief !). It isn't every year that we can take Paris straight in off the washing line !

Nine out of ten could have thought of a better murder, but this was not just a plot. . . .

STUART MITCHELL crushed out his cigarette in the ashtray and began again :

" On Friday, the 13th August, Gregory Bascomb decided to murder his wife."

He stopped, frowned at what he had written, lit another cigarette and gazed out of the window at the wet, cheerless evening. It would not do. He always came back to that same beginning and it irked him. He realised, with growing exasperation, that he could think of nothing else—but he would have to go on trying. The theme had already been beaten to death by scores of writers, but Stuart Mitchell refused to put another nail in its coffin.

He was a statistics clerk in an insurance company. Statistics were his passion. He knew what the odds would be against his winning a competition in which his own entry was identical with nine out of every ten others. The judges would read the stories concerning a hundred wife-murderers with the enthusiasm of a schoolteacher correcting as many essays on " A Day in the Life of a Postman."

He scowled again at the sentence he had written and speculated on the reasons for its popularity as a short-story theme. Perhaps it had dramatic appeal. Or possibly it was a form of wish-fulfilment. He conceded that even the mildest of men sometimes harbour dark, malignant thoughts about their wives, but they rarely express themselves in physical violence. Instead, they write wistful tales of homicide, enjoying vicariously the thrill of murdering their wives.

HE considered the prospects of successfully disposing of one's wife. Statistics showed that in nine cases out of every ten the husband was responsible. He was always caught and nearly always convicted—and

He went quickly down the stairs, and was stunned to find that she was dead. To his inexpert eye it looked as if her neck was broken.

BY
J. B. O'SULLIVAN.

NINE OUT OF TEN

hanged. No, you might have the husband go scot-free in a story but in real life he was a bad insurance risk.

He thought about the ingenious murder methods employed in stories he had read. Plans had been well laid, unbreakable alibis established, but there was always a slip-up, and the murderer was apprehended. Probably convention demanded that slip-up. Gentle readers should not be scared into thinking that murders could go unavenged—nor encouraged to attempt one of their own. However, life and fiction were parallel in that. No matter how carefully you schemed, no matter what precautions you took, you had no chance of escape. Well, possibly one in fifteen hundred—which was not an attractive bet even to a born gambler.

He sighed, ran his pen through the sentence he had written and looked out into space again. What about a love-story? They were always popular. It should be easy to write one. It was years since he had read a love-story, but they were all alike—a beautiful romance spoiled by a quarrel or a misunderstanding, reconciliation and wedding bells. It was a simple formula . . .

HE picked up his pen again, but no words would come. Sentiments suitable to a love-story did not come readily to him. It was a long time since he had been in love. Two years, three months and two days ago, to be exact—when he had married his dream woman. . . . No, he couldn't write a love-story. His heart wouldn't be in it, and he felt sure you had to be sincere when putting idyllic love on paper.

His teeth fretted against the cap of his fountain-pen. He was making no progress. Possibly he was not tackling the problem properly. He had never attempted to write a story before. Professional authors probably worked out their plots in detail before putting pen to paper. Yet here he was trying to start a story without any idea of how it should develop and end. Still, he would probably lose interest in it if he knew the climax before he started.

TENTATIVELY he touched the paper with the nib and slowly began to write:

"Gregory Bascomb surveyed his wife with a coldly glittering eye across the breakfast table. She would be dead before midnight."

He felt a sudden shock along his arm and dropped his pen. He stared at the words he had written. The thing was becoming an obsession with him! He got quickly to his feet and took short, nervous paces across the room. He put his hand to his brow and found it moist and cold. Could there be any significance in the trend of his thoughts as revealed by his pen? Could this be his subconscious at work?

Nonsense! That would mean that the thought of murdering his own wife was writhing somewhere in the shadows at the bottom of his mind! Ridiculous! The thought had never occurred to him. *But it was occurring to him now!* (*Continued on page* 56)

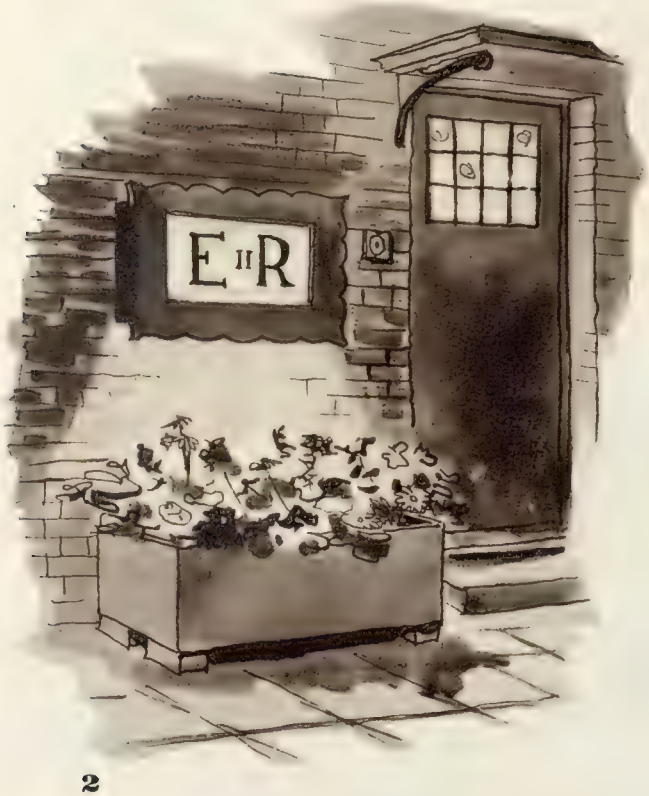
ILLUSTRATION BY
S. VAN ABBÉ.

BUNTING ROUND

1. WHAT more attractive setting for a Coronation evening party than a lamp-lit garden? A red-and-white-striped sun awning, filled in at the sides, gives the suggestion of a terrace. Lighting presents no problem, as most of the light will be reflected from the room behind, subsidised by a table lamp on an extended flex. The Union Jack colour scheme is contrived from a red tablecloth (an old damask cloth or a length of white cloth dyed the right red), swagged with white and blue. Chinese lanterns hang from the awning and in the trees, and coloured flood-lighting (most effective and not in the least expensive) highlights the prettiest corner of the garden.

2. This is an effective set-piece for front porch or beside the front door. The lighted box is a wooden grocery box fixed to the wall, with the lower side of the box removed so that the light shines downwards on to the flowers. Lighting is supplied from an electric bulb suspended inside. The frame can either be cut from cardboard or plywood, in which case a sheet of glass or mica must be fitted across it, or, better still, a picture frame with the glass still intact. The Royal cypher (in gilt cardboard, they cost only a shilling or two) is stuck to the inside of the glass. The flower-box is again an ordinary wooden box painted brightly and filled with flowering plants. After the festivities, the name or number of the house could be put in place of the Royal cypher.

1



2

3. This most attractive window decoration depends on a window-box, which must be fixed securely to the sill. Two bamboo sticks are spiked into the corners of the box and fixed at a slight outward angle by means of a rope from a nail over the centre of the window. A pelmet cut preferably from red cloth stiffened with buckram is fixed across the top, but paper would do. There you have the bare bones of the decoration which can now be trimmed. Ribbons from the nail to the pelmet hide the ropes and give the effect of a balcony roof. Christmas-tree baubles are sewn to the points of the pelmet, ribbons or coloured paper garlands twisted round the uprights, a swag added to the front and paper plumes put on the roof.

4. For this decoration, start off with a bamboo stick and a child's hoop or a bicycle wheel. The wheel or hoop can be lashed to the pole and the whole thing secured by guy-ropes, later to be decorated with flags. It can then be dressed up as fancy or resources allow.

5. Concerted action often gives a more attractive scheme of decoration than individual and independent efforts, and also share out the work involved. This is an ideal for terraced houses. A line of pennant flags runs along the whole façade below the level of the top-storey windows. Bunting drapes the railings, with bunches of artificial flowers at intervals.

THE HOUSE

4

3

5

Faced and roofed with tiles in the Sussex tradition this house is owned by Mr. A. B. Johnston, who has embowered it in one of the finest rose gardens in England

English Heritage

Some of the typical cottage gems which stud our English landscape

This ancient inn near Norwich has been partially modernized without detriment to its character, which is typical of the eastern counties and reminiscent of a Constable subject

Kentish weatherboarding usually, as above, combines with the rose-glow of red tiling

(Below) In the sturdy tradition of the West Country. Stone and tile at Moreton-in-Marsh

NO feature of the English landscape is more familiar or more loved than the cottages which speak so eloquently of our history.

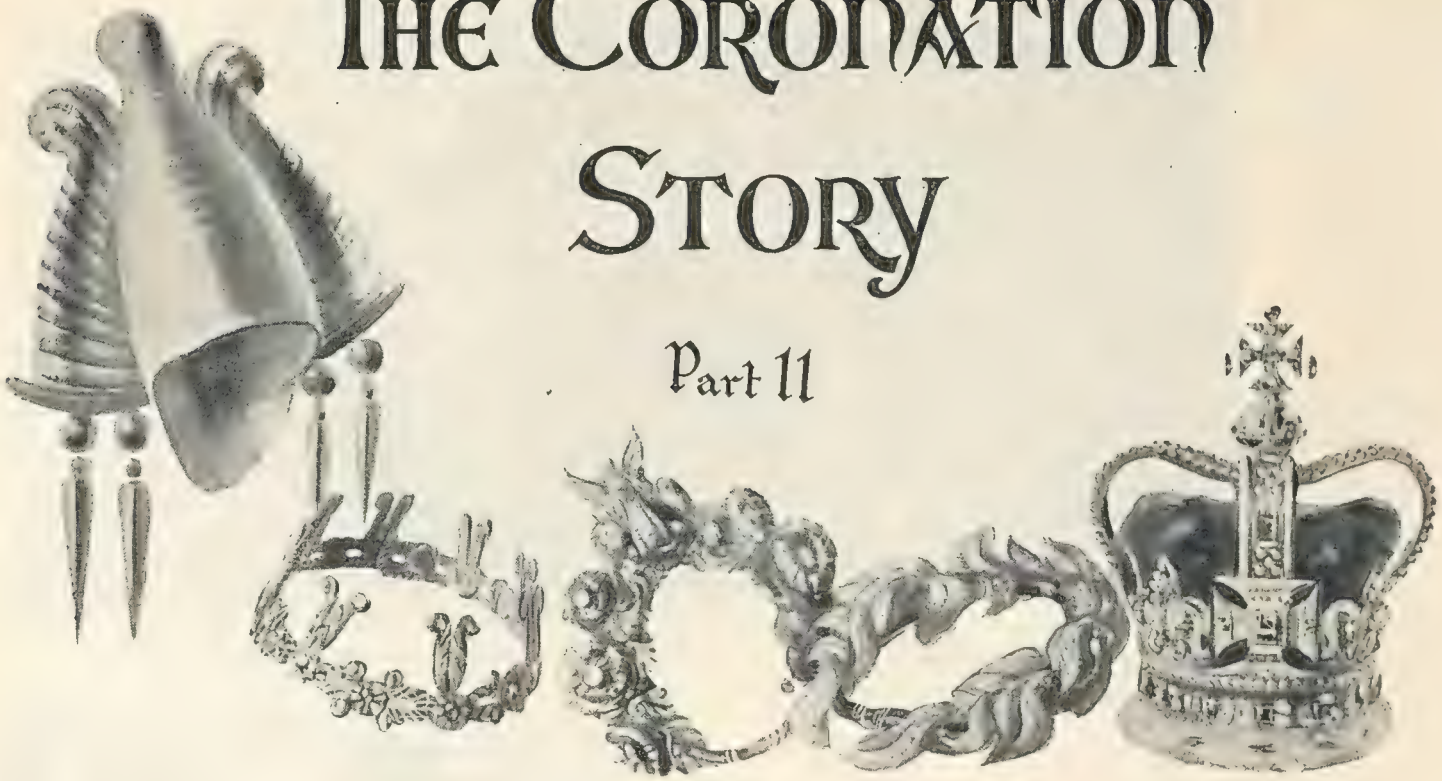
Thousands of overseas visitors this Coronation summer will look their fill upon the plaster and thatch, the half timbering, the stone and slate—"*Say, look at the cute little houses . . .*"—which represent the "building schemes" of past centuries.

The wonder of our cottages lies in the spontaneity of their beauty, upon their fitness to their surroundings and the "oneness" with it that the use of native materials achieves. The lichened loveliness of Cotswold stone; the white weatherboarding of Kent; the rose-glow of Sussex tiles and the sheer romance of thatch and timber in the south-east are indigenous to their counties and exemplify for all time the impact of natural craftsmanship upon good materials.

Stone-slate roofing in the Cotswolds (left) and a stone-mullioned window (right) with leaded lattice panes characteristic of the same district

The Coronation Story

Part II



The Royal Heritage

STORY BY
JOHN HERBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT HODGSON

WHEN Queen Elizabeth II emerges from Westminster Abbey's great West Door on Coronation Day to enter her gilded Coach of State and make her triumphal royal progress through the streets of London, she will be the thirty-eighth sovereign to have been crowned at Westminster, the latest in a line that started almost nine hundred years ago with William the Conqueror.

On this memorable day the Abbey of Kings, resplendent once again with its Coronation trappings and thronged with mitred prelates, peers of the realm and their ladies in their coronets and robes, heralds, pages, high officers of State and a vast, distinguished congregation, will return for a few historic hours to a semblance of the Middle Ages. Beneath its high soaring roof will be conducted the solemn ritual that has hardly changed for centuries.

Though Westminster has been the coronation-place of England's rulers ever since William I was crowned there on Christmas Day, 1066, the Abbey does not come into the Coronation story until 1274, when Edward I was crowned there. It was built by Edward's predecessor, Henry III, who was the last of England's kings to be crowned in that older building on the Abbey site, the great Church of Edward the Confessor.

But the Coronation service goes back to the ancient days before St. Edward's Church existed, when Saxon kings were crowned at Winchester, Stonehenge, Kingston-on-Thames. And the general form and order of the ritual have been little changed since the Coronation of Henry IV in 1399.

ONE thing, however, would strike the Plantagenet baron or the courtier of the House of Lancaster if he were to witness the forthcoming crowning of Elizabeth II: he would hear the sonorous words roll out no longer in Latin but in English—though he would still catch one Latin phrase as he heard the Queen's scholars of Westminster School greet the Queen's appearance from beneath the organ loft with the cry—"*Vivat Regina Elizabeth! Vivat! Vivat! Vivat!*"

Around this solemn Coronation service of Britain's sovereigns—with its Introduction, Anointing, Investment and Crowning, Enthroning and Homage, and Holy Communion—has gathered with the centuries a body of tradition as picturesque and colourful as is to be found anywhere in the world today.

In the case of our present Queen, the play of pageantry and ceremonial began on a February day over a year ago when the Officers of the College of Arms, in their historic costume, read from a balcony of St. James's Palace the proclamation pronouncing "the High and Mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary" to be "Queen Elizabeth the Second."

And it will reach its climax on June 2 next, when the Archbishop of Canterbury places St. Edward's Crown upon Queen Elizabeth's head and the Abbey resounds with the congregation's shout: "God Save the Queen!"

THIS Crown of England with which Elizabeth will be crowned is the chief symbol of monarchy and the show-piece among the State Regalia, that prized collection of crowns, swords, sceptres and other royal emblems normally kept in the Tower of London and, before each Coronation, borne ceremonially into the Abbey by a file of richly robed ecclesiastics.

It has sat briefly—its six-pound weight of gold and gems makes it too heavy to wear for long—on the heads of a dozen monarchs ever since Charles II first wore it. But two sovereigns since his time have worn another crown; Victoria and Mary Stuart.

Queen Victoria found it over-ponderous for her girlish head and had a special crown made, known as the Imperial Crown of State. Mary Stuart, in the double ceremony in which she was crowned with her Consort, William of Orange,

let William wear it while she herself borrowed the crown of Mary of Modena, Consort of James II.

Not three hundred years old—and that is new, in terms of Coronation history—St. Edward's Crown recalls the violent republican days of Cromwell, which boded so ill for kings.

For it is a replica of a much more ancient crown destroyed by the Puritans. Cromwell and his men broke up and sold nearly all the State Regalia, including the treasured original St. Edward's Crown, said to have been worn by Alfred the Great, and used thenceforth in the Coronations of six hundred years right up to the crowning of Charles I.

Thus when the Restoration came, Charles II found himself without regalia for his Coronation and had replicas made, chief of which was this great Crown of England.

It was this same regalia that, ten years after Charles's Coronation in 1661, was so nearly stolen from the Tower by that daring and notorious brigand, Captain Blood.

Disguised as a parson, Blood wormed his way into the good graces of the aged custodian, Edwards, and later took advantage of this friendship to gain admittance to the Jewel House with some confederates, overpower Edwards and make off with the crown. But he and two of his gang were caught before they could reach the horses left ready for them outside the Tower gates; and Blood was forced to give up his booty.

AS the royal emblem was wrested from him this impudent rogue exclaimed: "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; for it was a crown!" Blood was brought before Charles who, in a strange access of clemency, pardoned him.

The Merry Monarch was luckier than one of his predecessors, Edward I. In 1303 Edward, who was absent in the north fighting the Scots, learned that robbers had forced their way into the very Abbey of St. Peter at Westminster, whose strong-room vaults housed the crowns and jewels of the State Regalia and the royal coffers. The Regalia they had not dared to touch, but of the King's hoard of money they left not a penny.

To break into the sacred fabric of the Abbey and pillage the royal treasury—even though the Regalia was left intact—was desecration indeed. Desperate efforts were made to find the criminals: the Abbot of Westminster and forty-eight monks were cast into the Tower, and there they remained for two years until the culprits—two of the priests and a rascally merchant with whom they were in league—were discovered.

The episode brought disgrace on the Abbey, which thenceforth lost its right to shelter the royal treasure, though some of the Regalia stayed there until Cromwell's time.

Much deeper-rooted in Coronation history than St. Edward's Crown is the Abbey's venerable oaken crowning-seat, once splendid with gilt and colour but now worn and blackened, the Coronation

MARGARET, Maid of Norway, is believed to have been crowned on the stone of Scone which was later incorporated in the Coronation Chair on the instructions of Edward I

Chair. For six hundred years it has supported England's rulers (except Edward V who was murdered and Edward VIII who abdicated) at their crownings.

The Chair was ordered by Edward I to be made to contain the famous Stone of Scone, on which were crowned the ancient Irish and Scottish Kings. Removed from Ireland to Dunstaffnage in Scotland by a Scots warrior called Fergus, the Stone was taken in the ninth century to Scone Abbey and there it stayed for 450 years until Edward I brought it to Westminster. One of its last and most picturesque associations (though one which is of doubtful certainty) is with Margaret, the Maid of Norway, the seven-year-old granddaughter of Alexander III of Scotland, who was fetched from Norway about 1290 to succeed him, but who died soon after she arrived.

Once in that six hundred years, the Chair in which Elizabeth II will be crowned has been absent from its familiar place at the foot of the Confessor's shrine. That was when Cromwell—for even the austere Republican leader was not proof against this one symbol of kingship—had it moved to Westminster Hall so that he could be installed in it as Lord High Protector.

If splendour and solemnity have always been the keynotes of the Coronation scene within the Abbey, the Coronation sights outside, as the royal retinue has moved through London's streets, have cast a spell of pure romance.

Much, possibly all, of the majestic pageantry of past processions remains today. But gone these two-and-a-half centuries is the magnificent progress that monarchs about to be crowned used to make from the Tower to Westminster.

FOR the subjects of some fifteen successive sovereigns this royal cavalcade was a brave spectacle as it made its way through the City, past Temple Bar, along the Strand and so to the great Abbey—the King riding beneath a canopy supported by four chosen knights, his Consort following in a brightly decorated litter, accompanied by a mounted procession of nobles and the great ones of the land.

But though the route of the royal progress has changed, much of its ancient colour is still there. At Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation procession through the decorated West-end streets the centrepiece, the focus of all eyes, will be the lavish, gilded, fairy-story vehicle in which the Queen and her Consort will ride, the Royal Coach of State.

Six times before at Coronations has this Royal Coach appeared. George III built it, at a cost of £8,000, and first used it at the opening of Parliament in 1762. George IV was the first sovereign to ride to his crowning in it, and since then it has been used almost exclusively for Coronations. Elaboratively carved, richly ornamented, luxuriously furnished and upholstered, it seems the very embodiment of past regal splendours.

Solemnity, magnificence, romance; in this Coronation, as in all preceding ones, they will be intermingled. And not the least romantic aspect of this coming Coronation will be the fact that the sovereign on whose head St. Edward's Crown will rest, who will sit in the Coronation Chair and pass through London in the Coach of State will this time be once again a Queen.

END

FOR two and a half centuries the monarch about to be crowned formed part of a magnificent procession. The King rode beneath a canopy supported by four knights, his consort following in a litter

Book Reviews:

by

Trevor Allen

FRIENDS of mine think I am doing a "Bunbury" when I plead that a reviewer must sometimes cut social engagements and go into purdah, or his books would never get read. In **"The Cost Of A Best Seller"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.), Francis Parkinson Keyes discloses that novel-writing, twelve hours a day, similarly segregates her, and she agrees with Ernie Pyle that: "There is no easy way to do your work. . . . However it may seem to you, writing is an exhausting and tearing thing." She always lives for a time in any place that is to be background to a novel, and once in the Deep South had to rent, repair and furnish a dilapidated twenty-room mansion, the only house vacant! She takes her work and all its snags very seriously. This inside story will jolt those who imagine that you toss off a novel as easily as a letter to dear Aunt Jemima about young Freddie's whooping cough; though some novelists may give that impression. . . .

HENRY WILLIAMSON, I imagine, throws off nothing without sweat, blood and tears. His writing is tense, taut, welded. **"Tales Of Moorland And Estuary"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), are about country folk, salmon fishers, all manner of wild creatures in the Devon of *Tarka The Otter* and *The Sun In The Sands*. An initial adventure is getting lost on snowbound Dartmoor on Xmas Eve and finding refuge in a farmhouse where there was a coffin under the bed and the body of an old bearded man in the cupboard, awaiting burial! Another concerns an escaped convict, but it is the vivid nature-life that gives the book its distinctive appeal.

ONE doubts if Jane Austen wrote with Mrs. Keyes's prodigious hewing; probably not, for her material was so much slighter, her manner more oblique. She began as a girl by inscribing her own imaginary marriages in her rector-father's parish register, then tackled a *History Of England* by "a partial, prejudiced and ignorant historian. *N.B.* There will be very few dates in this history," confessing that she meant to "vent my spleen *against* and show my Hatred *to* all those people whose parties or principles do not suit with mine, and not to give information." May Lamberton Becker's **"Presenting Miss Jane Austen"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) is a short biography Janeites will love, with charming, idealized drawings by Edward Price.

ALASTAIR SCOBIE has had stirring adventures, stalking lions and other beasties with a camera in East Africa. **"Animal Heaven"** (Cassell, 25s.) is also about the people, notably the Kikuyus, whom he singles out for their passion for lawsuits, not Mau Mau, noting that in 1949 the quarter-million living on the Kiambu Reserve spent £10,000 on legal action, most of it payed out in 5s. cases. Litigation goes on for years until even the claimant forgets what it's all about and the District Officer gets grey hairs coping with it. There are forty-one pages of the author's unique photographs.

OLD-TIME whalers seemed to have had a wonderful time clinging to upturned boats, being towed at a furious rate by harpooned monsters, treading water in a school of them, shuddering with terror as the huge flukes rubbed them gliding by, even seeing their barque rammed and sunk by an enterprising sperm with a head as solid as a slab of granite. So much I gather from Capt. H. A. Chippendale's **"Sails And Whales"** (Melrose, 15s.), a lusty, salty chronicle which tells one a lot about the life aboard—when they were aboard—in the Indian Ocean and South Atlantic.

WILSON MACARTHUR shows his usual zest for stopping and picking up stories in **"Auto Nomad In Spain"** (Cassell, 25s.), an enviable wayfaring, well illustrated, from the popular Costa Brava to Gib. In Barcelona the head of a motor firm told him how, when the Communists were grabbing control before the civil war, his floor-sweeper commandeered the business as commissar-boss and made him and his partner work as mechanics with practically no pay. The Commies gave parties in the garage, danced, drank, sang, forgot to service or oil the cars so that they broke down, wasted petrol, drew money from the bank until there was none left, then walked out of the muddle, leaving the owners to start again from scratch!

ROBERT H. GOODSALL'S river-wayfaring is from Lenham source to Pegwell Bay estuary (*Continued on page* 66)

DRESSING-UP HOLLYWOOD

Designing Male

"MADAME may be a dream-boat to her friends but she can be a fish-wife to her dressmaker," says Hollywood dress-designer Howard Greer; which doubtless accounts for the frankness of his stories about stars and others in **"Designing Male"** (Hale, 16s.). The temperamental Pola Negri kept 6,000 extras waiting because her slippers aren't the exact shade of red in her ruffles.

This sparkling autobiography is so rich in anecdote, especially about the film colony, that I don't need to urge women to get it. My job would be to try to hold them back. His hard-up wander-years—Paris, Cannes, Corsica, Savoy—have the true touch of romance.

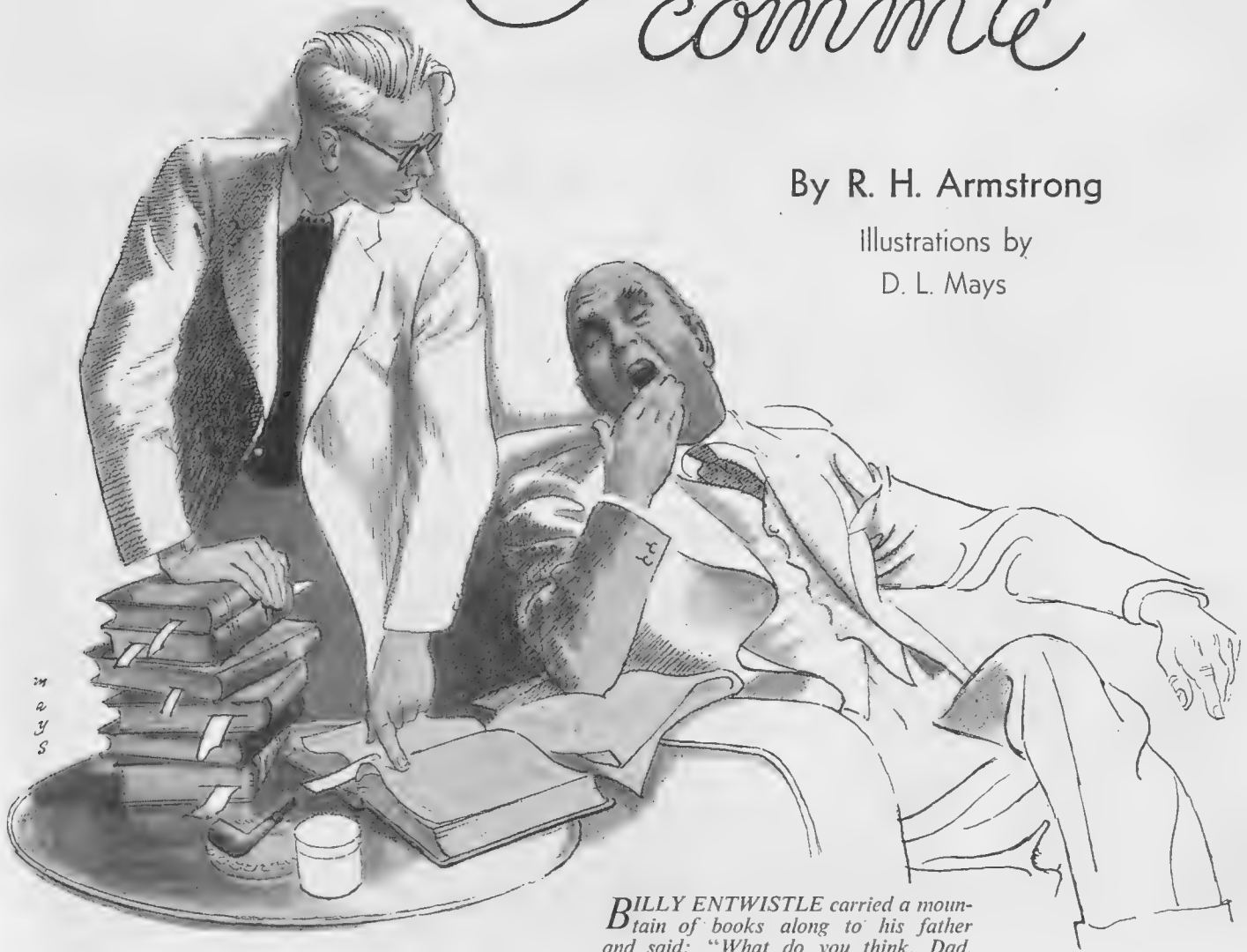
"A Stranger Here" is the title of Robert Henriques' latest novel on the Cotswolds

Alexandra Dick, whose historical "Irresistible" novel has an unusual appeal

Entwistle's comma

By R. H. Armstrong

Illustrations by
D. L. Mays



BILLY ENTWISTLE carried a mountain of books along to his father and said: "What do you think, Dad, the Finance Act doesn't make sense?"

IT had escaped the notice of all men for over 150 years, but young Billy Entwistle, who was studying the subject, saw it at once. He probed into a mountain of books in case he had made a mistake. It seemed silly; but, wherever he looked, there it was—in black and white.

At last, he took the books along to his father. He opened them at places he had marked. "What do you make of this, Dad?"

Mr Entwistle, a tired man, protested. "It's midnight, my lad."

Billy said, doggedly, "The Finance Act doesn't make sense."

His father gave a short laugh. "I've seen many a Government paper nobody could make out."

"I think the Act is invalid," said Billy, stubbornly.

Mr. Entwistle yawned.

Young Billy could see that he would have to adopt more direct tactics. "If I'm right, you won't have income tax to pay," he said, loudly.

Roused, Mr. Entwistle peered sceptically at the books on the table before him.

"That comma is in the wrong place," Billy explained. "It alters the whole meaning. It's not a printer's error : it's in every book."

Mr. Entwistle, mouth open now, scanned the pages incredulously.

"As it's in Clause 1 of Section 1, it makes the entire Act invalid."

Mr. Entwistle began to feel giddy.

"Not only need you pay no more income tax, but you can claim the refund of all money you have paid in the past."

Mr. Entwistle looked pop-eyed at his son.

"It does not apply to surtax," said Billy, carefully. "That's a separate Act and is quite in order : I've examined it."

Mr. Entwistle sat staring into space. He was having trouble in controlling his breathing : the fantastic possibility of escape from this modern Old-Man-of-the-Sea was asphyxiating. When he mastered his emotion, he made the telephone in one leap. Eventually, he was connected to a querulous voice, stated the case briefly but excitedly, said he was on his way over that very moment and slammed the receiver down before the querulous one could give tongue.

"We're going to Higginbotham's," said Mr. Entwistle. "Get the car out Billy—and bring those books."

* * *

HIGGINBOTHAM was Mr. Entwistle's accountant. With his white face, mop of black hair and chattering teeth surmounting a sack-like woolly gown, he met his clients at the front door and rushed them into a room where an electric fire was glowing.

Billy opened his books and explained his theory about the comma.

Higginbotham was cautious. "I'd like another opinion—I'll see Sir George Murgatroyd first thing in the morning."

"Morning nothing!" roared Mr. Entwistle. "We'll see him now, Joe!"

The accountant protested vigorously : it was 2 a.m., Sir George would be in bed and besides, he lived a long way off. But his client was adamant. This was the biggest thing in history—what did time

matter? The despairing Higginbotham compromised by telephoning the barrister. He was absent about twenty minutes and returned from the hall, where the instrument was placed, blue and shivering.

"Sir George won't see us," he said, crouching by the fire.

Mr. Entwistle breathed hard. "Won't he? We'll see him tonight—or my name's not what it is. Get dressed, Joe." He bundled the plaintive accountant unceremoniously out of the room and up the stairs. . .

THE abode of Sir George Murgatroyd was dark and heavy with sleep. Mr. Entwistle hung on the bell until his arm ached. At length, the door opened and a plump, be-gowned figure peered out into the night.

The three travellers surged forward and there was a short skirmish on the mat.

"Higginbotham!" barked the plump figure, retreating. "What the devil——"

The barrister had a drooping jowl and deep-set, mournful eyes; he looked like a bloodhound—and a pugnacious one at that. But under Mr. Entwistle's masterful handling, he was quickly immersed in Billy's pile of books and the glint in his eye told of the scent he had picked up.

Sir George read the relevant passages. He read aloud, very slowly. Not slowly as you and I read slowly, but giving every word—nay, every vowel and consonant, full value; each complete word falling from his lips reluctantly, as though it was a jewel.

He took the party into his study, the preliminary inspection having been made —under Entwistle duress—in the hall, and selected a book from his case. This he compared with Billy's books with the same meticulous deliberation.

"Is it, or isn't it, legal?" demanded Mr. Entwistle, watching the performance with rising agitation.

The barrister hitched at his dressing-gown and gave his opinion.

"The Act," he said, in ponderous, measured tones, "is meaningless or, alternatively, ambiguous, due to the misplaced comma; and is, therefore, null and void." He turned to young Billy: "My boy, I congratulate you."

After a silence in which the hissing of the gas fire sounded like Niagara, Billy, who had never paid income tax, recovered first. "Then, sir, refunds may be claimed back to the inception of the levy?"

Sir George turned a watery eye on him. "Academically, yes; though I doubt that you would succeed beyond the statutory period."

"It's fantastic," announced Higginbotham. "But the Government will bring in a new Act to remedy the error, of course."

The barrister shook his head. "The matter can only come to light if a case comes into the courts and the Treasury could not reverse the decision should it go against them, Higginbotham. It would be tantamount to interfering with Justice."

"Possibly," said the accountant, nettled. "But any refund would be taxable as current income under a new Act—so I fail to see that we are going to be any better off."

Mr. Entwistle roused himself from a reverie. "Joe, you're a thorough-paced pessimist. This thing, gentlemen, is too big for hasty decisions. It's too big for one to be selfish about also. It wants careful thought; but I've a question or two meantime. I have two hundred hands at my mill, Sir George: what happens if I do not deduct P.A.Y.E.?"

"That is your affair, Mr. Entwistle," said the barrister. "It only becomes the affair of the Inland Revenue if you fail to pay the money to the collector when it is due."

"That's what I meant," said Mr. Entwistle, shortly.

"The collector would issue a writ; the case would go before the court; your defence would be the error in the Finance Acts—and the whole question would be thrashed out."

"How long would that take?"

"As it happens, with the Summer Recess in the offing, the affair might easily be put back to October."

Mr. Entwistle jumped up. He paced the room, excited, obviously; but silent as to his thoughts. The others could see that a plan of some kind was forming in his mind, but all he would say was: "It wants thinking about."

* * *

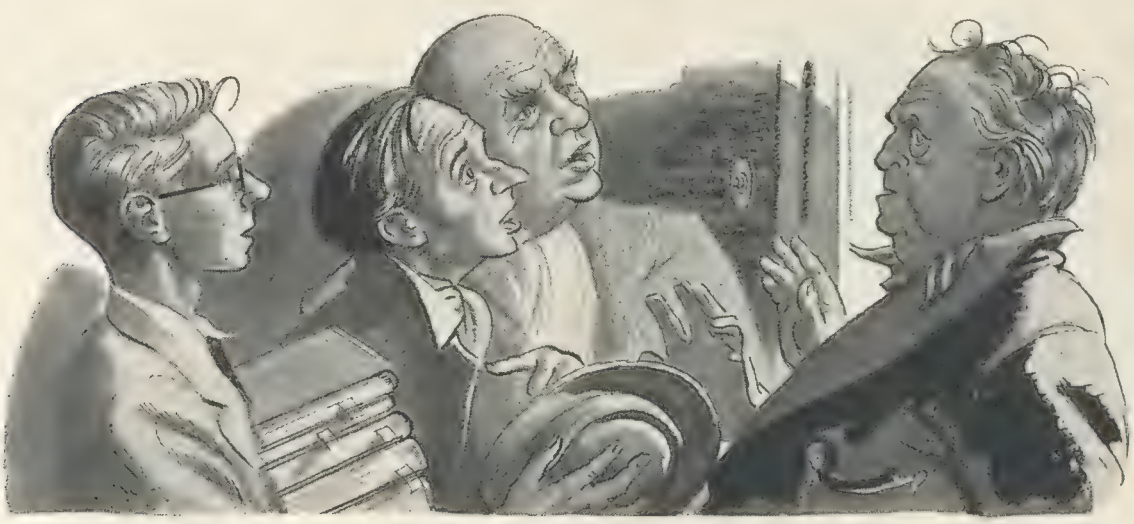
Whatever plan had been shaping in Mr. Entwistle's brain found full form by the time he arrived at his mill. He called a meeting of his managers and foremen and addressed them powerfully, but succinctly: from then, no P.A.Y.E. would be deducted; every employee would be paid 20s. in the pound: it was up to the workers to make the most of the opportunity.

He left the uproar by retreating into his private office, followed by his general manager who was clearly of the opinion that the "old man" had banged his head somewhere. "This'll cost you a fortune," he said, reproachfully.

"Get these signed notices posted, or they'll never believe it," said the mill owner. "And let me have the cost of re-equipping the old wing. I appreciate your concern, Fred, but I'm quite well, thank you. Get me those costs, quick."

Mr. Entwistle phoned Higginbotham. The accountant was, surprisingly, at his office; and after some facetiousness on the fact, Mr. Entwistle said: "Those foreign bonds of mine, Joe: sell 'em. I want the cash to equip that old wing here. Don't argue —sell!" He bawled the last word into the receiver and slammed it back on its rest.

Suddenly, he felt very tired. He dropped into his chair and let his head droop.



AT length the door opened and a plump, be-gowned figure peered out. The three visitors surged forward

THE news from Entwistle's Mill spread like wildfire. In a twinkling, almost, a large area was seething with excitement. The next morning everybody seemed to be at the mill gates clamouring to be put on the payroll. Some, especially those living nearby, thought Entwistles were doing a good thing; others, mainly from the big towns, thought the man was mad.

The mill owner was tormented with the spate of inquiries. As a matter of self-preservation he locked himself in and spoke only to his trade associations, chambers of commerce and the press. To them he gave the full story and quoted Sir George Murgatroyd shamelessly.

"I want everybody to do what I'm doing," he told his son. "I'm not fighting the Treasury on my own, if I can help it."

The next day, the press carried the story. They (*Continued on page 72*)

MR. ENTWISTLE was at the airfield to meet the Prime Minister as he stepped from his plane. There was a handshake, mutual greetingsand light badinage

B·O·A·C

Complexion Like

Dresses by Roecliff & Chapman

Two versions of this season's make-up. Yardley devised the make-up for the blonde, using Cherry lipstick and Pink Champagne powder. Elizabeth Arden created the brunette make-up based on the new lipstick shade, Pink Perfection Plus

A Rose

By Chrysis

FASHION is conspiring to turn us all into traditional English beauties for this royal season. Dress designers have been busy with tulle and organza, flower prints and crisp white cottons; milliners with feather-light straw, lace and ribbons, so that make-up, perforce, must follow with something reminiscent of the first Elizabeth's milkmaids, or George Edwardes's Gaiety Girls.

Pink and white, milk and roses, in fact any phrase ever coined to describe the typical English beauty, also describes the kind of make-up to be worn for this Coronation summer.

This English rose-petal beauty is more than just a matter of colour. There is to it a pellucid transparency of the complexion, an artlessness in effect, so that make-up must look, essentially, un-made-up.

First precept is, of course, a flawless skin. The season's make-up will look its best on the best complexion. But those who rely on make-up to conceal rather than to reveal, can take comfort that a few new beauty preparations aim at transforming sallow skins.

The new vitamin creams are worth noting. Vitamin cream does for the under-forties what hormone creams are doing for the over-forties. It is more than a nourishing cream; it provides the precious vitamin D which in a more equable climate would come with the sunshine.

Then there is a new Velvet Texture Cream, a fine emulsion which softens the skin without clogging, perfect for the very fine, sensitive skins which cannot absorb heavy creams, yet very good for coarser complexions. All these preparations help to create, behind the scenes, a lovely complexion.

OF the make-up itself, the foundation is probably the most important, if not the most obvious ingredient in achieving the flowerlike beauty cosmeticians have contrived to complement the season's flowerlike fashions.

The foundation must give a clear transparency to the skin, and yet not thickly mask it, a contradiction in terms before the arrival of the new cream lotion foundations.

These creamy lotion bases give a lovely effect of no-make-up. They have sufficient body to mask minor imperfections, yet are creamy enough to give a soft, moist look to the skin, so vital to the English beauty. Elizabeth Arden has two versions of her new liquid cream foundation, one for younger women, and the other fortified with hormones for older women, so that it is a foundation and beauty treatment combined.

For this flower-petal look, choose powder and foundation from the creamy to pink tones. Yardley has introduced a new powder shade, "Pink Champagne," which strikes the right note. But there can be no hard and fast rule about it. The fashionable complexion is more a question of finding those colours which give the skin a clear transparency, rather than keeping to any particular shades.

THE only rule is, avoid a sun-tanned effect. Bronzed skins are quite out of mood this season. If few lovelies of 1953 will resort to parasols to guard their milk and roses, it is only because sun-filter creams offer a practical substitute for the Edwardian beauty's sunshade. Our means are different, but our aim is identical to the belles of fifty years ago.

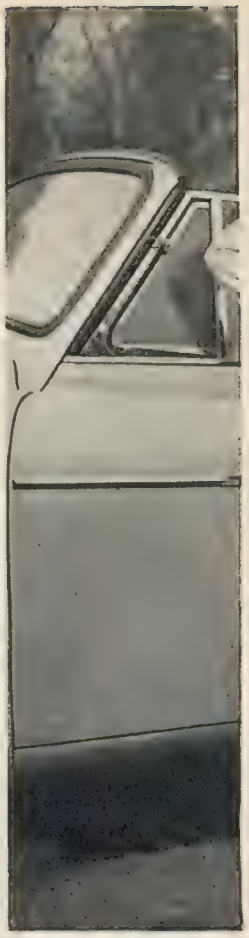
As for lipstick and rouge, the key words are pink and pretty. Pink recalls the lovely rose of England; pink is also prettiest with the white and flower pastels of summer dresses. Pink runs a pretty theme through all the new lipstick creations. Elizabeth Arden has created a new lipstick called Pink Perfection, a radiant, exotic pink, very young and glowing, with its slightly darker sister, Pink Perfection Plus.

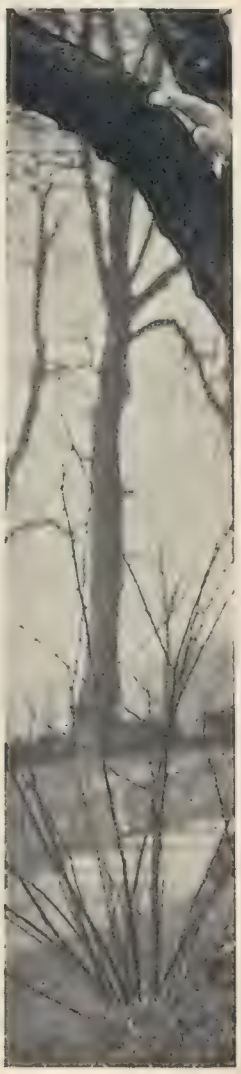
Charles of the Ritz has a new Bright Pink, lovely with white and all pastels, particularly any colour with delicate blue undertones.

Atkinson's version is a blue-toned "Coronation Pink," Dorothy Gray's "Regalia Rose," a lively glowing rosy-red. Yardley, who have always catered for the typical English beauty, have no need to improve on their Pretty Pink, a clear candy-pink, lovely on the very fair skinned; Natural Rose, for the very young; and Cherry for a slightly more emphatic pink.

FOR details of the make-up mentioned or advice on beauty problems, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

Michael Williams





Time For Tweed

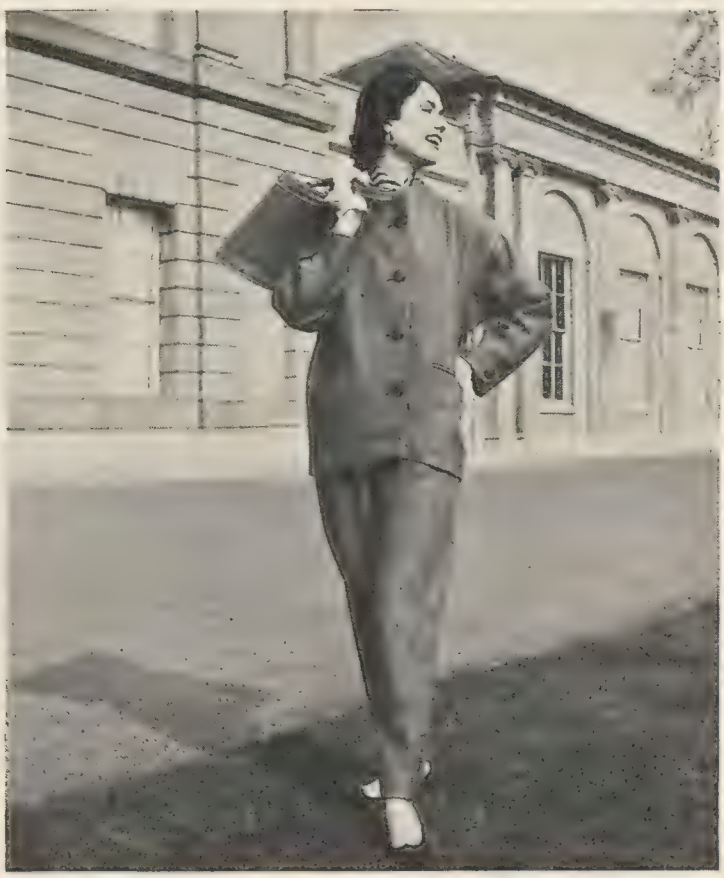
Who would have thought that tweed could be elegant? It has stood for all time as the perfect practical, "suitable" fabric for country wear, but for chic never. Never until now

Today it competes in softness, in lightness of texture and in malleability with other wool fabrics used for elegant tailoring

The light diagonal tweed coat, above, by Kuperstein, exemplifies the practical elegance of tweed today and, equally so, Susan Small's grey and white tweed with tan belt and buttons in the right-hand picture

A Hillman Minx convertible and a pink silk Donegal tweed suit which share the same streamlined assurance. Suit and hat from Jacqmar's Ready-To-Wear collection. Gloves and handbag from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Chiffon tweed, a summer-weight dress by Frederick Starke, in fawn with a kangaroo pocket. At Harvey Nichols. Madge Chard hat and De Farre bracelet



Drain pipes and jacket in toast tweed by Estrava. Green and white Ascher scarf and "bucket" bag from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Performance Test

WHEN you see the B.S.I. "kite" mark on new furniture you see a guarantee by independent experts that the piece marked has passed their test of quality

FOR two years, a group of scientists at Redhill in Surrey have spent most of their working days smashing up furniture. They weren't working off inhibitions, although any day you might have found them tearing a bedstead limb from limb or dropping heavy hammers on a chair seat until it collapsed.

It was all part of a highly scientific attempt to devise "performance tests" which would reproduce, in a few minutes, all the wear and tear to which furniture is subjected in years of normal use. The object: quality standards which would guarantee that drawers would not sag nor doors drop, that the kitchen table would not give way if Father stood on it to distemper the ceiling, that a chair would not fall apart even if Junior *would* rock it back and forth on its rear legs.

Now, if you go shopping for furniture after May 1, you will find certain pieces labelled with a small kite-shaped device formed from the letters B.S.I., initials of the British Standards Institution. The mark means that the prototypes of these pieces have passed "performance tests" and that the furniture is made to standards of quality laid down by the Institution. This is the first time that such a scheme has been possible anywhere in the world.

THE task the scientists set themselves had already baffled research workers the world over. First of all, although quality standards are obviously desirable, *standardized* furniture is not—we had enough of that during the war. So any tests had to be equally valid whatever the furniture was made from and however it was constructed.

But the worst headache of all was deciding just what *was* legitimate wear and tear. How much punishment ought a well-made piece of furniture to be able to stand?

The answer to this one was that tests must take care of "normal misuse" as well as normal use. For it is no argument to say that a chair was not meant to be rocked on if, in fact, nine out of ten of us do misuse our chairs in this way. Similarly, if a piece of furniture is low enough, it is more or less asking to be stood on at some time or other so it must be capable of bearing a man's weight. And, sooner or later, someone is sure to put a laden tray too near the edge of a coffee table which, nevertheless, should not overbalance when they do.

After months of trial and error, the research workers devised a collection of weird apparatus to break their guinea-pig furniture for them. It is deceptively Heath Robinson in appearance; actually it is extremely ingenious and scientifically accurate.

For testing dining chairs, for example, there is a wooden contraption apparently

By

MICHAEL SHERIDAN

knocked together by a home handyman: as, indeed, it can be. Yet, by a few simple adjustments, it can reproduce every strain the most careless user is likely to impose on a chair. It drops a heavy weight on the seat for a given number of times. In effect, it rocks the chair on two legs—by applying weights at other strategic points. And it "hits" the back several times to see if the joints work loose.

For pieces like chests or sideboards special instruments of torture were invented to test rigidity. The piece is placed in a rack which raises and lowers one corner from the ground. This is precisely as though you grasped the piece by opposite corners and tried to make it "sway"—a time-honoured test for rigidity, only now it is accurately controlled. Tests of storage pieces are carried out while shelves and drawers are loaded with weights considerably heavier than the articles they are meant to store and—to guard against overbalancing—while doors and drawers are open.

How far does this new system of quality standards affect the public, and what will it mean in practice?

The mark is a guarantee of the soundness of joints and other parts about which an unscrupulous manufacturer could easily deceive us. On the other hand, it does not eliminate ordinary commonsense precautions in buying.

BUT the new standards also control the quality of raw materials used in furniture. Only properly seasoned timber may be used in "kite-marked" pieces. Imperfectly dried timber is, of course, responsible for warping and twisting. The manufacturer is made responsible, too for replacing free of charge any parts affected by woodworm or other insects within two years. He must make good certain other faults in timber and plywood which appear within one year.

Only manufacturers licensed by the B.S.I. may legally apply the "kite" mark. And they are licensed only if they satisfy an independent team of experts that their goods are up to standard. No manufacturer can shelter behind a cloak of anonymity for every "kite-marked" piece must bear an identifying number. At first the scheme will apply only to dining chairs and storage pieces, but it is likely to be extended to upholstery shortly.

Perhaps the most important thing about the whole experiment is that it is entirely voluntary so far as manufacturers are concerned. None is bound to adhere to the standards though many have already pledged themselves to do so. How many more follow this lead depends entirely upon how far the public insist on buying only marked furniture. Furniture that is not marked must always be suspect, though, in fact, it may be of even higher quality than the standards demand.

Geranium Farreri.

The Other Geranium

By W. E. Shewell-Cooper

Geranium Attraction (Cactus variety).

Pelargonium Elizabeth Cartwright.

Geranium Renardii.

WE have to thank Royalty for the popularity of our friend the geranium, and it was as long ago as the seventeenth century when the first plants arrived. It was then, of course, something new and therefore very aristocratic. By the nineteenth century it was probably one of the most popular plants known and grown, and then came the revolt against anything Victorian and the poor geranium went out of fashion, and in fact, I am sorry to say, was even the subject of ridicule. Once again, however, with the Sweet William, the Fuchsia, and other "sneered-at" plants, it is climbing back into popularity and 1953 is undoubtedly going to be its "crowning year."

There will be more geraniums planted this season than ever before. The experts are already having to put rubber stamps in their catalogues, "Sold out," and remember that some of the best varieties to-day are selling at 2s. each. This, however, is a little different from the day when the famous scarlet "Paul Crampel" was first introduced, when individual plants sold at more than £1 each. Here you have a plant that is easy to propagate, that goes on flowering for a long period. A plant that's equally happy in the window-box as it is out of doors; a plant, in fact, that's just as much a friend of the amateur as it is of the professional.

LOOK at the marvellous displays there have been of geraniums in the beds in front of Buckingham Palace, on either side, in fact, of the Victoria Memorial. Here you get the most brilliant colour week after week in a town which is well known for its fogs and soots, yet the geranium is here regularly admired by people from all over the world.

Now the variety they use here is "Gustav Emich." It's a gigantic semi-double whose flowers are of a rich, clear scarlet. There is some argument, perhaps, about its beginning, because the head gardener at Windsor told me that it was produced in the first place at Windsor Castle itself. On the other hand, it was listed by a Swanley nurseryman as far back as 1910, and I've been told on good authority that it was only rediscovered a few years ago in the Hyde Park Nurseries.

Whether or no its rediscovery was at Windsor or Hyde Park, "Gustav Emich" can undoubtedly be called the Royal Variety, because it is used on the East Terrace at Windsor Castle, on the fourteen beds of varying sizes, as well as at Buckingham Palace. It's very much like the "Paul Crampel," but it stands the rain far better. In fact, after a heavy rainfall Paul is apt to look a little bedraggled, but Gustav always stands firm and strong and looks brilliant.

It is said that at one time it was possible to buy almost 800 different varieties of geraniums, or pelargoniums as they ought properly to be called. Even to-day the specialists are offering 150 different kinds or so, with a tremendous variety. There are (*Continued on page* 62)

Faithfully

WE put to the National Canine Defence role of children's playmates. Their answers of the ideal dog for the family,

Left :
Train child and dog together in the rules of road safety. It makes the lessons more and more memorable for both.

Right :
There is no special breed which is better with children than another. But it is advisable to avoid the extremes. A very small dog would not stand up to much rough and tumble, while a child cannot easily control one of the large, heavy breeds.

Below :
In spite of their fierce appearance, bull mastiffs are remarkably gentle and patient and can make the ideal companion for a child.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. Are there any breeds of dog which are more trustworthy with children than others? Are their any breeds definitely unsafe with youngsters? Or does this depend entirely on the individual character of the dog, or perhaps on the training, quite irrespective of breed?

A. This depends entirely on the individual character of the dog, irrespective of breed. Probably the larger breeds are safer with children as they can take more rough and tumble. Small, snappy dogs should always be avoided.

Q. Is it better to have the dog as a puppy and allow it to grow up with the children, or is it preferable to buy a fully-grown, trained dog?

A. It is very much better to have a puppy and allow it to grow up with the children. Young puppies, of course, need special consideration at first. They tire very quickly and need a lot of rest. Over-tired puppies, like over-tired children, are irritable, and might be provoked into a display of bad temper not habitual to them. A puppy under three months old need not be taken for walks, but allowed to romp in the garden, and to retire to his bed away from the children, where he can get uninterrupted quiet when he wants it.

Yours?

League some questions about dogs in the give an interesting guide to the choice especially where there are children.

Right :
A dog's capacity to enter into the spirit of children's games makes them ideal companions for the only child.

Left :
The best way to overcome a child's fear of dogs is for her to have a pet of her own to play with and get to know as a trustworthy and faithful friend. Familiarity and affection for her own pet will bring fearlessness for other dogs.

Below :
To own and be responsible for a pet dog is to awake in the child a genuine sympathy and understanding of all animals.

Q. Is there any way of training a dog as a child's playmate, taking it for granted that the child is also brought up to have consideration for animals ?

A. It is not possible to train a dog specifically as a child's companion. This must depend to a great extent on how the child treats the dog. The majority of dogs take an awful lot of tormenting from a child before they protest. If the child has a reasonable regard for the welfare of the dog, the dog can be relied upon to respond with affection and loyalty.

Q. Are there any advantages in having a bitch rather than a dog where children are concerned ?

A. No, but it can be awkward when a bitch is in season, as children are inclined to be absent-minded about closing doors and there is always the risk of the bitch getting out.

Q. Can you say how far temperament is the result of environment and how far this affects the relationship between dog and child ?

A. There are very few dogs born bad, and it is nearly always the wrong treatment and environment that makes them so. If a dog is well-fed, given sufficient exercise and treated as one of the family, he will repay you by being a reliable and faithful companion.

HOLIDAY

CHRISTOPHER TRENT gives a
and merits of various

A solitary angler fishing in Lake Derwentwater is not daunted by a rainy afternoon.

Yachting takes many to the south-west of England, where the coastline offers exciting sails.

The Valley of the Wye near Tintern Abbey provides an ever-changing scene of beauty.

DURING the last few years my work as a country writer has taken me into the heart of Britain's richest scenery; into every county of England, as well as into many parts of both Scotland and Wales. What is the result? Come to choose a holiday, and I am in more of a quandary than ever I was in my ignorance!

For though there are a few districts (let them be nameless) which I never wish to see again, there are others which I feel that everyone should visit at least once before they can claim to know Britain. Their list includes a little of everything—sea, rivers, lakes, mountains, pretty villages.

At the top of the list, where the sea is concerned, I place Cornwall. Between the north and south coasts of this county

FAVOURITES

balanced judgment on the beauty districts in England.

A peaceful scene on the little jetty at Lyme Regis, Dorset, where boating is a popular pastime.

One of the loveliest parts of Wales which should not be missed by the holiday-maker is Tal-y-llin.

The lock gates open and the boat passes to another stretch of the River Thames.

there is a world of difference. While the Atlantic gales of the north coast can rip the slates from the roofs of the houses, cause entire buildings to collapse, and put paid to most forms of vegetation, along the south coast the sun will shine upon a Mediterranean blue sea, and the gardens go gay with colourful flowers of all sorts.

Each coast has its pros and cons, however. The south tends to be relaxing; the north is invigorating. Surf-bathing calls many to the north coast; yachting takes others to the south.

IT is said that the devil will never cross the River Tamar into Cornwall for fear of what he may find in the Cornish pasty! The holiday-maker, who is prepared to take such risk, will find the pasty delectable, and the (*Continued on page* 64)

Salisbury Cathedral across the water has captured the imagination of many lovers of beauty.

NYLON FOR

The original was in pale yellow. The white waffle cotton skirt from Marshall and Snelgrove.

STARTING at the back, with No. 13 needles, cast on 136 sts. Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Inc. 23 times across next row (159 sts.). Change to No. 12 needles and main pattern.

1st row.—(Right side of work.) K. 1, slip 1, purlwise; repeat across row, ending k.1.

2nd row.—P.

Repeat these two rows for 7 ins., increasing at both ends of work after 2 ins. and at every inch after until there are 169 sts. (*Note.*—Be careful to keep pattern correct. Where necessary, start and end rows with k. 2.) Shape for armholes by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next two rows. Decrease at both ends of next and every other row until 70 sts. remain. Break wool, leave sts. on spare needle.

FRONT. Work as for back until armhole shaping is reached.

1st row.—(Right side of work facing.) Cast off 2 sts., pattern to end.

2nd row.—Cast off 2 sts., p. next 74, cast off 15 sts., p. to end. (75 sts. on each half of work.)

3rd row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 49 sts., k. 2 tog., m. 1 (k. 2 tog., k. 1) twice, k. 2 tog., m. 1, slip 2 sts., k. 2 tog., pass 2 slipped sts. over, m. 1 (k. 2 tog., k. 1) twice, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog. (67 sts.).

4th and all even numbered rows.—P.

5th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 47, k. 2 tog. (m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) twice (65 sts.).

7th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 46 (k. 2, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) twice, k. 1.

9th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 45, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 3.

11th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 44, k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2.

13th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 43 sts. (k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 1.

15th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 42, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 2 tog.

17th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 41, k. 1 (m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) twice.

This charming little blouse takes 5 ½-oz. balls of Wakefield Greenwood's Nylagora, a pure nylon and angora lace-ply. It is worked on No. 14, 13 and 12 needles at a tension of 10 sts. to the inch measured on the main pattern with 12 needles. The directions are for a 33-34-in. bust.

SUMMER

QUICKLY KNIT CARDIGAN

Materials required for this cardigan are 9 ozs. Templeton's Ayrbeam Super Scotch Fingering 4-ply, one pair each of No. 9 and No. 11 needles, and 11 buttons. Knitting at a tension, of 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in., the cardigan fits a 36-in. bust.

STARTING at the lower back, with No. 11 needles, cast on 98 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and st. st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every fourth row until there are 126 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every other row until there are 80 sts. (46 rows). Now decrease on every row until there are 34 sts. (23 rows). Change to No. 11 needles and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT. Cast on 50 sts. With No. 11 needles work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and st. st. and inc. 1 st. at right edge of work (when right side is facing) on every fourth row until there are 64 sts. (Check with back for same number of increases.) Cast off 8 sts. at this shaped edge (56 sts.) (armhole). K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every other row for 20 rows (46 sts.). Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left.

THE RIGHT FRONT. As left, but make all shapings at opposite edges.

THE LEFT SLEEVE. With No. 9 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work st. st. and at same time inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every sixth row until there are 90 sts. Work a few rows if needed to make 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every fourth row until the side of work fits the sloping side of front to which it is to be sewn (including the 8 cast-off sts.), and there are 32 sts. Now with wrong side of work facing, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every other row until there are no sts. left. Fasten off.

THE RIGHT SLEEVE. As left, but when finishing, have right side facing instead of wrong.

TO FINISH EDGES. First sew in sleeves with longest edges to back. With No. 11 needles, pick up 76 sts. along left front from lower edge to start of neck shaping. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Now pick up 28 sts. from start of neck shaping to seam of the sewing in of sleeve. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and at same time m. 1 st. at front edge and k. 2 tog. at shoulder edge on (*Continued on page* 62)

19th row.—Work 2 sts. tog., patt. next 40 (k. 2, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) twice, k. 1.

Cont. decreasing at beg. of every row on right side of work, and working 1 st. less in patt. before working the lace patt. at end of row (the 21st row uses the directions at end of 9th row, 23rd row as 11th row, and so on) until 33 sts. remain.

Next row.—(Wrong side of work.) Cast off 10 sts., p. to end. Keeping continuity of patt., dec. at beg. of next 10 rows (13 sts.), then dec. at beg. of all k. rows until 8 sts. remain.

Next row.—Work 2 sts. tog. 4 times. Cast off, taking 2 sts. tog. as 1 st.

Join wool at centre, right side of work facing.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog. (k. 1, k. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, s. 2, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 2 tog. (k. 1, k. 2 tog.) twice, m. 1, k. 2 tog., patt. 49, k. 2 tog.

2nd and all even numbered rows.—P.

3rd row.—(K. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1) twice, k. 2 tog., patt. 47, k. 2 tog.

5th row.—(K. 2, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) twice, k. 1, patt. 46, k. 2 tog.

Cont. to work to match other side.

With No. 14 needles and right side facing, pick up and k. 50 sts. along the front opening from cast-off sts. in centre of work, to neck.

Work 7 rows in st. st., beg. with a p. row, increasing at end of every k. row (neck end of work) 3 times.

8th row.—K. 1 (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 26 times.

Work 7 rows in st. st., dec. at end of every k. row 3 times.

Cast off. Work a similar border down other side to match.

SLEEVES (both alike). With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. *Do not knit in backs of sts.*

Work 8 rows st. st.

9th row.—(K. side of fabric facing). K. 1 (m. 1, k. 2 tog.) 49 times, k. 1.

Work 9 rows st. st., starting with a p. row.

Next row.—To make hem, fold work in half, p. side inside, and k. tog. 1 st. from needle and (*Continued on page* 62)

Abbreviations used: k.=knit; p.=purl; st(s)=stitch(es); m. 1=make one by bringing wool forward; inc.=increase by knitting twice into the same stitch; dec.=decrease by knitting two stitches together; patt.=pattern; p.s.s.o.=pass slip stitch over; tog.=together.

More Shopping For You

By
Margaret Sharp

Rhinestones from Liberty's. A bracelet of individual strands, 8s. 6d. each. Pinned to it are two brooches, 19s. 6d. each. The spray brooch, £4 14s. 6d. The tasselled ear-clips 27s.

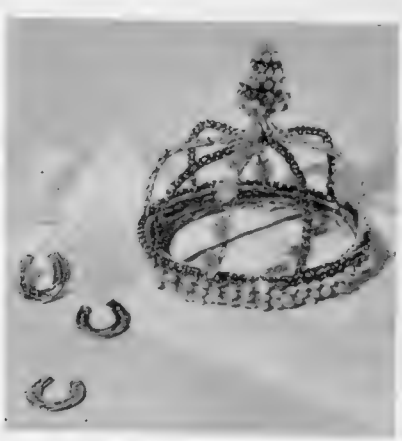
This pink and white checked gingham rose has a miniature harmonising Gala lipstick nestling in its heart. The price is 15s. 6d., from the Gala Shop, Burlington Arcade, London.

A well-pocketed Moroccan jewel case. A suède lining protects the jewellery from scratches and helps pearls to retain their lustre. There is a bolster for rings. 83s. 11½d.

As a gift to celebrate the Coronation, Potter and Moore bath salts in their gay drum container, 4s. 9d.; or a bottle of Mitcham Lavender embossed with the Royal cypher, 6s. 6d.

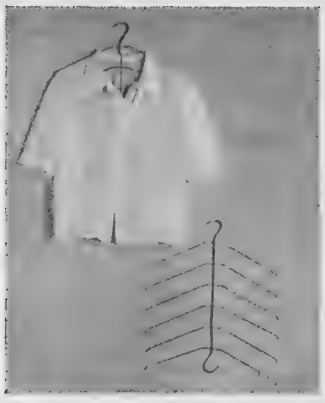
Another gay and inexpensive version of the Baffeez shoe for summer may be had with white spots on red, blue or green backgrounds. Price approximately 13s. 10d.

Transform a short hair-style for evening with this "Cap Chignon," by French of London. A sequin cap and a chignon of added hair to match your own. Prices from 27s.



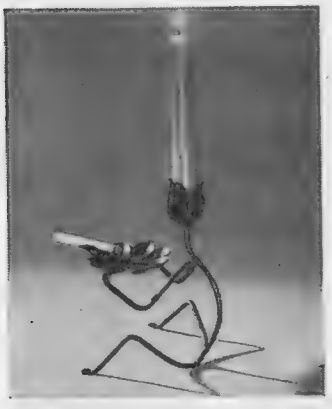
Summer brides can crown the ceremonial toilette with this enchanting coronet of orange-blossom and diamante, 84s. from the Boutique, Bourne and Hollingsworth.

For Your Memo Pad



Space-saving idea to keep several blouses on one hanger. A boon for travelling as it converts any case into a wardrobe trunk. 8s. 11d. Robinson & Cleaver

These plastic dryers will ensure that washable gloves keep their shape after each tubbing. In various colours, they cost 2s. 6d., from Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street



A wrought-iron "seated figure" with candlestick head and ashtray, 14s. 11d., from Bourne & Hollingsworth. Available in black or white. Similar plant-holders, 18s. 11d.

- Even if you missed the Exhibition of International Cookery, held last November, at the Royal Festival Hall, you will be sure to find *International Kitchen* a fascinating and useful book. It contains recipes from all over the world and they have been adapted to come within the scope of the British housewife. It is published in collaboration with the Gas Council, and costs 5s.

- To avoid a teacup-balancing act at teatime, buy an armchair tray, which is made specially for this purpose. Strongly sprung to grip the arm of an armchair or sofa, a cup and saucer or glass may be placed on it in complete safety. In several pastel colours, they cost 12s. 6d. from John Lewis, Oxford Street.

- At the same store in the kitchen equipment department there are also well designed and reasonably priced kitchen balance scales. One that is particularly good value and pleasant to look at is the Waymaster, which is beautifully finished in white and costs only 31s.

- The new Hoover washing machine is a real wonder, still small enough to fit under the draining board, but with an increased capacity which washes 6 lb. of clothes at a time, and in only four minutes. The new design is streamlined in white and blue-grey enamel and has "non-slip" castors, automatic drainage and a ringer, with "non-catch" rollers, which will take a full-sized blanket. All this for only £50, including tax.

- Back again, for the first time since before the war, Three-in-One Furniture Scratch Remover. This is a wonderful product in that it will literally cause scratches to disappear from any dark polished woodwork. It not only does not harm polished surfaces but brings them up looking even better. It costs 1s. 9d.

- This year you can give a real spring-time look to your baby's pram, with Morland's pram canopies, gaily patterned in Tootal fabrics. The colours of the prints have been keyed to existing pram colours: grey, green, navy and champagne. These new canopies are fully lined and there are four patterns to choose from. They have an adjustable frame and plated fittings. Price 47s. 6d. or 49s. 6d., according to size.

- Dress shields are really a complement to deodorants and now is the time of year to protect your new summer clothes—*before* they get spoilt. Kleinerts have some really up-to-the-minute styles designed specially for sleeveless and cap sleeve dresses, made in very fine cotton and also in *crêpe de Chine*. They also do a colour range in twelve shades. Price, approximately, 2s. 6d.

- An indispensable ingredient of every handbag should be Nycol, the new ladderstop. Not only does it stop ladders running, but washes out completely so that the ladder can be mended. Equally good for nylon or silk stockings, it costs only 1s. 3d. a tube.

- Have you any leather or imitation leather upholstery, shoes or a handbag, that just won't stand up to the revealing sunlight of another summer? "Nuagane" Flexible Leather Lacquer will resurface worn leather either in its original or any one of twenty-four other colours, leaves the leather flexible, and does not rub off.

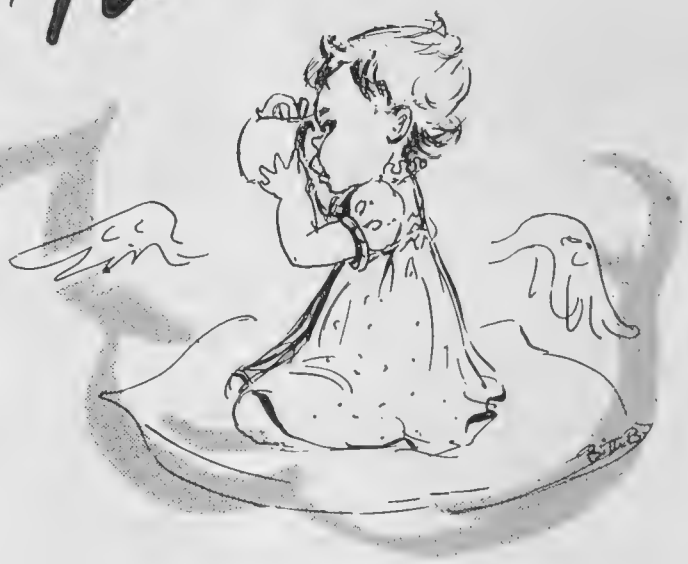
To surmount a flounced dressing table or a low chest, an attractive gilt Chippendale style swinging table mirror. Approximately 9 gns. Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford St.

Cream-painted tin trays, delightfully decorated with British birds, 3s. 6d. and 5s. 11d., from a range including bread-bins and cake-tins. Bourne & Hollingsworth, Oxford Street

To commemorate a great occasion in a practical way, a Phoenix heatproof glass Coronation dinner set. The "Foursome" for four persons, 44s. 9d.; twenty-five piece service, 65s. 6d.

If you would like further details of any items mentioned here, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

Not-so-heavenly Twins



By ALAN BRIEN

FOR the last six months, I have been a subject of great interest to women. Dear old creatures with varnished straw hats and sweet young things with coloured umbrellas, mothers of five and daughters of nineteen, they all stop me in the street and begin conversations. This isn't because I'm handsome, eccentric or famous. It's simply that somewhere in the complicated biological ballet, two chromosomes or what-have-you bumped into each other and I became the father of twins.

"Twins!" they say bending over the pram, clucking and gurgling like an old fashioned gas geyser. "*How marvellous! Aren't you lucky! Just look at them!*" The mere glimpse of two children born on the same day to the same mother seems to inspire women to talk in italics and exclamation marks.

Don't think I'm blasé about twins. I can't imagine what it is like to have only one child, any more than I can picture myself with one arm or one pocket. When the wife of a friend of mine has a baby and I ring him up with my congratulations, I always ask automatically, "What are you going to call *them*?"

I certainly enjoy getting an immediate eight shillings a week family allowance. I am grateful not to have to consult the magazine psychologists on the problem of the only child, or the first-born's jealousy of the second. I am patronizing towards fathers of one who are no more allowed or expected to nurse and feed their own offspring than to wear their wives' ear-rings.

BUT twins bring their own unique problems. They are strange, bizarre creatures, almost with an aura of the supernatural about them.

I first saw my twin girls, Joanna and Alyson, before their mother did, when they were only two hours old. They looked like incredibly old refugees from Siberia, wizened and pessimistic. The sister assured me that they were identical—yet every day since they have become more unlike. Now Joanna has the flabby jowl, the self-satisfied smile, the plump well-cared-for hands of the prosperous city stockbroker. She obviously feeds out at the most expensive hotels and is carried everywhere in a shiny black Bentley. Alyson is leaner and shyer, with a crooked grin. Sometimes she even appears shifty and subversive, ready to leave town quickly if the police turn up.

For four months, they resolutely ignored each other's existence. Each one desperately pretended that she was the real baby and the other was a flagrant impostor. Joanna would howl at one end of the sofa, red-faced with fury because I had disobeyed one of her commands, while Alyson lolled back at the other end, carelessly examining her nails as though she were alone in the silence of a cork-lined room.

The fact that there are two of them induces endless nervous comparisons by the parents. An only child sets its own standards. Whatever it does, the parents can console themselves that all children do the same. But with twins it always appears that one is terribly backward in something. Joanna is more than a pound heavier, yet she cannot drink from a cup as well as Alyson can. Alyson is not half so expert with rubber dolls as her sister, but she is less worried by sudden noises.

FOR some months, they even had to have different amounts of food—so that my wife and I were always afraid that one would starve or the other burst. These variations added a nightmare touch to the early months of their life. All four of us were dominated by a kind of insane dietetic Bradshaw. It is complicated to explain, so you can imagine how confusing it was to operate.

They were fed alternately with mother's milk and dried milk, but Joanna dined every four hours and Alyson every three. If both began at six in the morning, with Alyson on the breast and Joanna on the bottle, then at nine Alyson had her next bottle, and at ten Joanna the breast. In another two hours Alyson would be on the breast, while at one Joanna had the bottle. And so it went on through daylight and darkness, weekday and Sunday. Often there was only an hour in which to feed one twin, change her nappy, put her to bed, wash her bottle and sterilize it in boiling water, before getting the other twin up for her feed.

Eventually, as you can see if you work out the routine, we ended up having to feed both of them at the breast at the same time, which is just what the whole timetable had been trying to avoid! (*Continued on page* 64)

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THE VERSATILE CAULIFLOWER

By
JANET DARBY

SO much has been said about the month of May that I hesitate, almost, to raise my small pipe of praise. This delicate month, when the air is so fresh and fragrant, when flowers shower their daintiest blessings on us, when nothing is overripe, so that flavours are subtle and newborn . . . as the poet remarks: "What can I say when all is said?"

Let me take you by the hand and lead you towards the vegetables displayed just now in the shops. There, among the newest of peas and potatoes, the lightest of saladings, gleams the white head of the cauliflower, and, more emphatically, the empurpled blossoms of the broccoli, its first cousin. Lowered into boiling salted water, cooked gently so that the flowerets are still crisp and unbroken, drained, and adorned with a golden dew of butter, both vegetables are superb in their youth and simplicity. But do you ever do more than that with them? Have you ever tried *cauliflower salad*, for which you chill the cooked vegetable, and then dress it with the following mixture:

1 teaspoon minced chives
1 teaspoon minced thyme
Salt and pepper
4 tablespoons olive oil
3 tablespoons red wine vinegar

Mix these well together, and toss the cauliflower, or the broccoli head, in this mixture until well covered. Serve with cold thinly sliced ham or cold beef.

Or have you tried it *sauté*, for which you will need:

1 tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 clove minced garlic
1 small cauliflower
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter and mix with the oil in the pan. Cook the minced garlic slowly for five minutes. Cut up the cooked cauliflower, add it to the oil mixture and stir until each piece is coated with oil. Add seasoning, cover and cook slowly for five minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

I KNOW I have no need to introduce you to *Cauliflower au Gratin*, in which the cooked cauliflower is covered with a thick cheese sauce, and topped with more grated cheese which you brown under the grill or in the oven. But *Cauliflower and Shrimp Patties* are a most delectable addition to a picnic meal, and for these you need:

Shortcrust pastry, cooked cauliflower, broken into flowerets. Picked shrimps, cheese.

Line patty tins with pastry, fill with a mixture of cauliflower, shrimps and cheese sauce, cover with a pastry lid, and bake in a quick oven until the pastry is a light golden colour. Eat cold.

IN Mexico there is a dish known as *Coliflor Estilo Puebla*, so if you want to be different, try it. The list of ingredients sounds portentous, but all are obtainable here. They are:

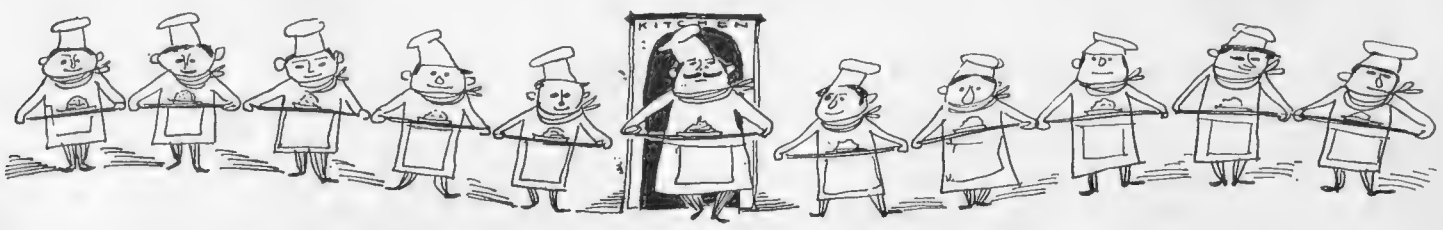
1 medium cauliflower
3 tomatoes
1 sweet red pepper
4 tablespoons olive oil
1 chopped onion
1 clove garlic, chopped
A sprinkling cinnamon
Salt and pepper
2 cloves
2 laurel or bay leaves
1 tablespoon capers
1 tablespoon chopped olives
3 tablespoons breadcrumbs
2 tablespoons grated cheese

Cook and drain the cauliflower. Fry one tomato, chopped, with the chopped red pepper in three tablespoons oil for three minutes. Add the remainder of the tomatoes, onion, garlic, parsley, and cook slowly for ten minutes: then add cloves, cinnamon, salt, pepper and the laurel or bay leaves, and cook for three minutes longer. Add capers and chopped olives. Cool. Pour some of this sauce into a greased baking dish, add the cauliflower pieces and cover with the remaining sauce. Add the breadcrumbs, grated cheese and the remaining tablespoon of oil. Bake for ten minutes only in a hot oven, and serve very hot. This makes four to six portions.

WHILE we happen to be abroad, this is the way the Chinese eat broccoli. *Gaai Laan Chow Chaah Sieu* may, perhaps, be difficult to pronounce, but it eats very well. In our own sweet English tongue, it means *Braised Broccoli with Roast Pork*, but you can substitute Roast Beef, if that is what you have in hand. You need:

½ lb. young broccoli
½ lb. cold roast meat
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons soya sauce
1 clove garlic
1 piece stem ginger
1 tablespoon sherry
1 teaspoon cornflower

Cut the stems of the broccoli into short lengths—about 1½ inches. Use both leaves and flowers. Mince the ginger and crush the garlic. Slice the roast meat. Heat a little oil in a pan, fry the broccoli gently, then add ginger and garlic. Sprinkle with salt and sugar. Cover the pan and braise for five minutes, so that the broccoli is cooked, but still crisp and green. Stir cornflour, a little water, wine and soya sauce together. Make a hollow in the centre of the frying ingredients, pour in the (*Continued on page* 68)



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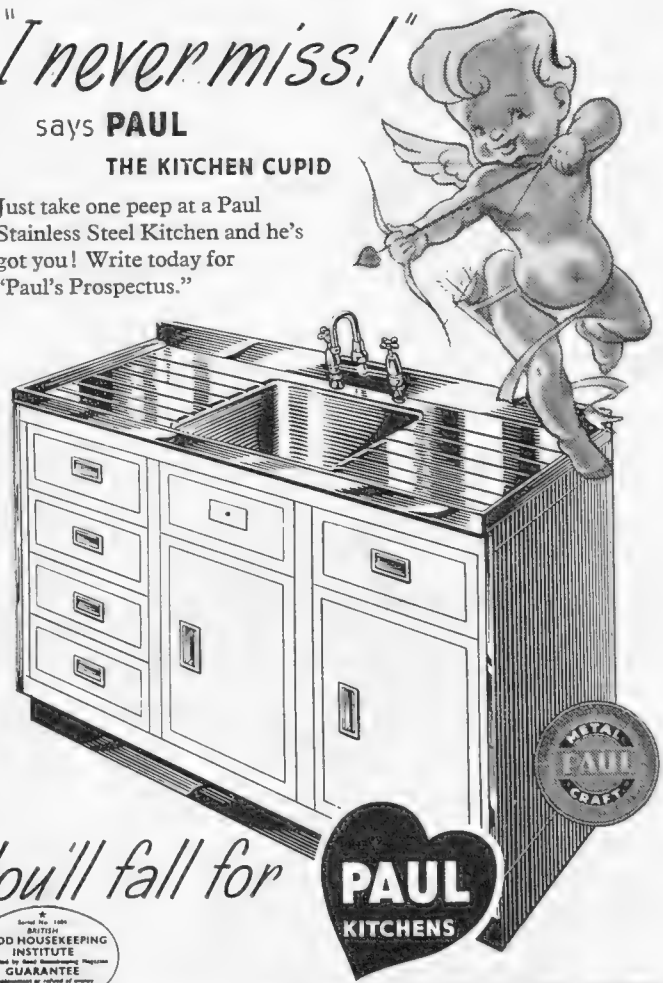

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BRITISH GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

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The Waiter (*Continued from page 12*)

queried. "One nephew is, I understand, in East Africa. His health is failing there, the climate is too hot for him, and he has written to you repeatedly, asking your help to find a job at home, or to lend him enough money for him to return to look for one. What has been your reply?"

"Arthur is a waster and ne'er-do-weel," Lady Wrexham snapped. "He has never been able to stick to one job for any length of time. Why should I keep people who are too half-witted to keep themselves?"

"The other nephew is musical," Mr. Brown went on, ignoring her interruptions. "He had a great career in front of him, only unfortunately, owing to the deprivations he endured during the war when he travelled to every battle area, wherever it might be, to entertain the troops, he is suffering from consumption. His wife wrote to you piteously, asking for money to send him out to Switzerland. What was your reply?"

"I do not hold with spending our money in foreign countries," Lady Wrexham retorted. "Her husband made his money in England, and in England it should be spent. There are sanatoria in England—good enough for John, at any rate."

"The third son has worked hard," Mr. Brown went on. "He is strong and healthy, except for one thing. He was blinded in the Royal Air Force during the war. He has four children and he has asked your help, not for himself, but for the eldest boy that he might go to a public school, and his daughter that she might take a course of shorthand and typing. It is difficult for him to make a lot of money. He has enough for the ordinary necessities of family life, provided someone could help him with just the little extras to which, as your husband's nephew, he is fully entitled."

LADY WREXHAM did not answer for a moment, and then she said slowly:

"I have never cared for George's wife. My husband liked her and he was a notoriously bad judge of women. There's nothing to stop her going out to work, is there, if they need money so much?"

"Have you forgotten that their youngest child is only four?" Mr. Brown asked quietly.

"How do you know all this?" Lady Wrexham inquired. "Who has given you this information? If my husband's relatives have dared: . . ."

"I know none of them," Mr. Brown said, "but as I have already told you, as a waiter I hear many private things about people."

"It's preposterous!" Lady Wrexham ejaculated.

"Perhaps it is," Mr. Brown agreed, "but let us continue. There is another relative of your husband's. Anne—the niece you have just sent to the library."

"And I suppose I've done nothing for her?" Lady Wrexham asked sarcastically. "I have her here, living with me, I treat her as I would have treated my own daughter, had I had one."

"Then God help your daughter," Mr. Brown ejaculated. "Anne, as you well know, is a prisoner here in this house, to slave for you, to endure any insult and humiliation you may inflict on her. Because, if she rebels, if she refuses to obey you, you have threatened to stop paying for her mother.

"ANNE'S mother had a nervous breakdown two years ago. She would have been sent to the local asylum if Anne had not persuaded you to intervene. Yes, you saved her from that; you arranged for her to go to a private nursing home and you paid. You paid, Lady Wrexham, on one condition—that Anne gave up training for the stage and came to you as a companion. Forgive me if I smile at the word!"

"Do you expect me to finance all the crocks and lunatics there are in the world without asking anything in return?" Lady Wrexham asked tartly.

"There is no use expecting anything where you are concerned, Madam," Mr. Brown replied sternly. "I have watched and waited for a long time, hoping for a change of heart; and then when you turned your old butler from the house last week I knew there was no hope."

"You know about that!" Lady Wrexham exclaimed.

"Yes, I know about that," Mr. Brown replied. "He was your husband's servant for practically his whole life. It is true to say that your husband loved Johnson and Johnson loved him. At seventy-eight you dismissed him without a pension, without even a word of kindliness and gratitude."

"He should have saved. My husband paid him well."

"He had an unfortunate family. It is no fault of his that he is in the workhouse in his old age—an infirmary they call them nowadays, but that doesn't make the heartbreak of going there any better."

Mr. Brown shut his little book with a snap.

"That is all, Madam, and I think it is enough. You shall live no longer. Your husband's relatives will benefit by your death and the world will be a cleaner and better place."

HE rose to his feet. There was something in his face and in the expression of his eyes which made Lady Wrexham give a sudden shriek.

"Help! Help!" she cried.

"No one will hear you," Mr. Brown said quietly. He pressed back his shirt cuffs and Lady Wrexham saw that his hands, with their long, thin, white fingers, had a surprising strength.

Her breath was coming quickly, but she was imprisoned in her wheelchair. She could feel her heart palpitating, a feeling of constriction in her throat. It was fear—a desperate, agonizing fear.

Mr. Brown was moving nearer, his hands a little outstretched, the fingers apart—each one an instrument of torture.

"Mercy! Have mercy!" Lady Wrexham's voice was only a croak.

"Have you ever shown mercy to anyone?" Mr. Brown asked.

He was right beside her and his hands, white and terrible, were but a few inches from her throat.

"Die!" he said, and his eyes bored into hers. "Die!"

There was a gasp, a convulsive movement and Lady Wrexham slumped suddenly in her chair.

MR. BROWN stood looking down at her. He had not touched her, but she was dead. Slowly he relaxed the tense, outstretched fingers of his hands. He stepped back a few paces, drew from his pocket his little notebook and took a newspaper cutting from the front page, which read:

> "Can a healthy person really be frightened to death? After studying the nervous mechanisms which could be responsible for such a catastrophe, doctors think that the answer is 'yes.'"

Mr. Brown replaced the cutting, turned over the pages of his book and at the end of case ten wrote one word—"completed."

Then he glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was nearly five-thirty. He was due at Sir Montague Thompson's in fifteen minutes' time, to wait at a cocktail party. He could do it comfortably.

Without a glance at the body of Lady Wrexham he left the room, and walking downstairs, let himself out of the front door. As he did so he was thinking of Sir Montague Thompson and something he had heard about him three weeks ago. He couldn't be sure as yet, but he had a feeling that Sir Montague might be Case Eleven.

END

The Woman Who Conquered Men

(*Continued from page 13*)

enjoyed a friendship with the great Whig leader, Lord Melbourne. There seems to be little doubt that George Norton (who had been Tory Member of Parliament for Guildford and recently lost his seat) allowed himself to be influenced by certain disreputable Tory elements wishing to discredit Melbourne politically, to arraign his lordship for alienation of his wife's affections.

The case was heard in 1836 and dismissed without the need to call witnesses for the defence. As a married woman, Caroline had no right to be represented by Council. The gross calumnies on her good name could be defended only by implication.

Following the breakdown of her marriage, Caroline struggled for more than five years to get agreement with her husband so that she might have reasonable access to her three boys. At that time no mother had any rights in the matter of custody of her children even though a father might be living with a mistress and keeping his children in bad company.

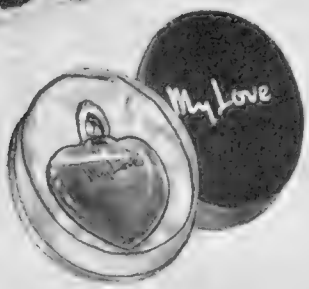
The utter weakness of a married woman's position was brought home to Mrs. Norton as she campaigned ceaselessly for the right to play a part in the upbringing of her children. As a result of her influence and the pressure she put upon her many political friends the Infant Custody Bill passed the Commons in May 1838. It was rejected in the Lords and did not become law until the end of 1839. By that Act a mother was given the right to appeal to the Lord Chancellor if she was denied the right of access to her children provided she could prove by affidavit that her own character was above reproach.

AFTER the Westminster County Court Case in 1853, in her exasperation at her position, "My husband can cheat me because I am his wife," Caroline threw herself into the battle to right the wrongs of her sex. Spurred on by her success in legalizing a mother's right to have access to her children and still in a burning heat of indignation, she wrote a pamphlet which was privately printed and distributed in May 1854, "English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century." It was an indifferent piece of work for her own affairs obtruded too much into what should have been a straightforward and objective case for reforms in the law.

Nevertheless, in 1855, Lord Cranworth brought forward in the House of Lords a Bill to reform the marriage and divorce laws. It was a poor and tepid affair which after a little desultory debate was quietly pigeonholed; but not for Mrs. Norton. In the December of 1855, Messrs. Longmans published a brilliantly clear pamphlet written by Mrs. Norton and entitled, "A Letter To The Queen" in which she castigated Lord Cranworth and his Bill, and made an unanswerable case for law reforms which resulted in the Matrimonial Causes Bill of 1857.

UNTIL the passing of this Act, Divorce with the possibility of remarriage had been obtainable only, if after a hearing by the Ecclesiastical Court, a Private Bill was presented in Parliament. In the first half of the nineteenth century these Bills had occurred on an average of twice a year. In introducing the new Bill the Chancellor explained that it had been the invariable practice to grant a husband proving his wife's adultery a divorce, but that the same rule had not applied to the wife unless there were special circumstances which would make it impossible for a (*Continued on page 56*)

My Love



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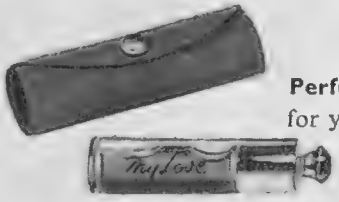
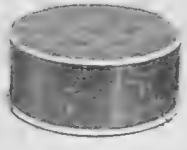
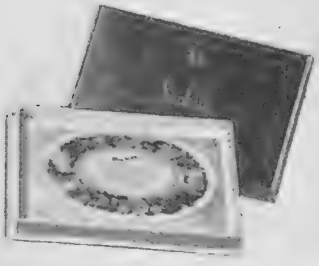


Perfumair, jewelled phial for your handbag 20/9

Flower Mist, fragrant echo of My Love perfume 14/3
Dusting Powder 15/9





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Bath Soap 12/- **Hand Soap** 8/9
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Elizabeth Arden

wife to live with her husband again, such as adultery with incest.

It had been the feeling of the House, indeed a feeling common to mankind in general, that although the sin in both cases was the same, the effect of adultery on the part of the husband was very different from that on the part of the wife. It was possible for a wife to pardon her husband, but hardly possible for a husband ever really to pardon his wife!

Four clauses of the Bill can be directly attributed to the influence of Mrs. Norton and her own unhappy experiences. Clause 21, by which a wife deserted by her husband might be protected in the possession of her earnings from any claim of her husband upon them. Clause 24, by which the new court was able to direct payment of separate maintenance to a wife or to her trustee. Clause 25, by which a wife might inherit and bequeath property like a single woman, and Clause 26, by which a wife separated from her husband was given the power of contract and suing, and being sued, in any civil proceedings.

It is hard to believe that it is only such a short time ago, a bare one hundred years, that married women, "were without rights and had only wrongs." Married women today can remember with gratitude the suffering and courage of the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton who in refusing to accept an impossible position laid herself open to the social censure which such a case as that heard on August 18, 1853, brought to a woman in her position.

ON to the foundations laid by the Act of 1857 the Married Women's Property Acts of 1882 and 1885 and other legislation has been drafted to improve the position of women as wives and mothers. Once again the position is under review by a Royal Commission. We must hope that it will devote as much or more attention to a woman's position during marriage as it does to divorce. The need of today is for a law which will underwrite the stability and dignity of marriage by the safeguards it gives to men and women in their relationship and responsibility to each other as man and wife and to their children. Within marriage there is still no redress for the wife and children of a man who refuses to give them a standard of living in accordance with his resources. Bare food and shelter is the only standard set and upheld by the law. If the law could be made to set a higher standard by an extension of the Common Law right to maintenance to include an agreed allocation for the wife's personal use and the provision of a reasonable proportion of the family resources for the needs of home and children, then perhaps in time, that standard would be accepted voluntarily in most homes. It would provide a sound financial basis on which to build more happy marriages founded on mutual trust and respect.

END

Nine Out Of Ten

(*Continued from page 23*)

HE walked faster to keep the thought away but it kept coming back. He stopped abruptly before her portrait on her dressing-table. She returned his inspection mockingly. How lovely she was in that photograph!

She had been Marda Mason when it was taken, a chorus girl already spoiled by too much male attention. He had not realized that at the time. He did not discover her expensive tastes nor the hard worldliness behind her childlike vivacity until it was too late. He soon found that his twelve-pounds-a-week salary was hopelessly inadequate. Luckily he had a competitive flair, and many of the expensive adornments she had wheedled him into buying had been paid for by prizes for advertising slogans and from newspaper competitions. He had a talent for correctly completing coupons. But these were precarious expedients, and he was now heavily in debt. The £1,000 prize from the short-story competition would just about clear him.

He went back with a sigh to the table and picked up his pen again.

A gramophone began to play in the next house and he heard people talking and laughing. He scowled at the wall. He had come up to the bedroom for peace, to concentrate on his short-story entry. His patience was wearing thin. Not only was his subconscious butting in but his neighbours were having a party. They were playing a Danny Kaye record.

"Give me a bread-and-butter woman,
Who doesn't care how much you make . . ."

He started. It was coming through the wall, to support his subconscious, and accuse his wife!

For two years he had endured her scorn of his inadequate earnings. He meekly submitted to her tongue lashings because he was a mild-natured man and because he was afraid of her. It had never occurred to him to defend himself, to fight back—or to leave her. But these things seemed to be occurring to him now for the first time. He found himself gingerly exploring the possibilities of altering, even at this late stage, their unpleasant relationship.

"Give me a bread-and-butter woman,
Who only wants the simple things."

THEY might yet be happy if only Marda would realize that life had stopped being champagne and caviare when she married him; if only she would make an effort to adjust herself to a more modest way of living. Perhaps it was not even yet too late. He admitted that it might have been expecting a lot that she should settle down at once, after the luxury of her former life. She had to accustom herself gradually to frugality. But she had long since served her apprenticeship and there was no improvement in her attitude. His lips tightened suddenly. Now there would have to be. He had given her all the time she was going to get.

He began to tremble. For a moment he weakened, appalled at the prospect of matching wills with her for the first time in their life together. He steadied his breathing with difficulty. He would have to go through with it. If he was ever again to know peace and happiness he would have to assert himself. Once and for all! Now! Tonight!

He lit another cigarette and picked up his pen again. It might steady his nerves for the forthcoming combat if he could concentrate on his story.

AT that moment she came into the room, humming a dance tune. He sensed her quick, appraising glance in his direction.

"What on earth are you doing, Stu? Writing your will?"

It was an effort to keep his voice from quivering as he replied, "It's a story for a competition."

"Well, you can't write it tonight," she told him. "Have you forgotten that Irma and Ted are expecting us for dinner?"

He groaned. He had forgotten.

"This is a terrible night to go out," he mumbled.

"It's only across the road, silly! We won't get *that* wet. Do put those things away, Stu, and get dressed. We haven't much time."

She took a gaily coloured box from her wardrobe. He heard the rustle of tissue paper and her little coo of delight as she opened it.

"Isn't it heavenly!" she exclaimed. "My, won't Irma be jealous!"

With his back to her he heard further mysterious rustlings, and then her voice again, "Look, Stu, isn't it stunning?"

He turned then to look at her. The frothy pinkness of her latest purchase from an exclusive lingerie shop smote his eye. His breath came a little faster, as it still continued to do when she exhibited her lovely body.

"How—how much did it cost?" he asked thickly.

"Don't be impatient!" she snapped. "You'll get the bill in good time. It isn't as if I was such an expensive wife. Heaven knows how long it is since I've had anything like this to wear next my skin." Then in her capricious manner she changed abruptly. The look in her eyes became archly playful and she moved slowly towards him. "It does something for me, doesn't it, honey?" she asked huskily.

She was very close to him now. Her flesh was smooth and healthily pink. Her perfume was intimate and exciting—and expensive. *She's trying to seduce me into paying for these fripperies*, he thought.

THEY were playing that record again next door.

"Give me a bread-and-butter woman. . . ."

"Take those damnfool things off," he snapped. He did not recognize the voice as his own, but he liked the sound of it. "You'll bring them back to the shop tomorrow."

"Stu!" She was clearly incredulous. "How—how dare you talk to me like that!"

"You heard what I said. I don't want to tear them off you. The shop wouldn't take them back then. This is the first economy we'll begin with."

"Stu!" She looked at him wildly, found nothing reassuring in the feverish eyes, the white, set face. She groped blindly for an explanation. "You—you're ill! You've been drinking!"

"Not since we were married, dear!" he replied with a sour smile. "I couldn't afford it. I'm deadly serious, Marda. All I'm sorry for is that I left it so late." He moved after her as she backed away in sudden panic. "I can't go on like this. I'm at the end of my rope." He found himself suddenly excited by a look he had never seen in her eyes before. Behind the fear another expression stirred. Was it a reluctant awakening of admiration? He reached towards her exultantly but, fearful of his purpose, she evaded him and ran screaming from the room.

Then there was a different quality in her screaming and a series of heavy thuds echoed back from the hall. He ran quickly out of the room and saw her sprawled at the bottom of the stairs. As he started to run down, he noticed that the worn patch of carpet at the top of the stairs was raised. Her foot must have caught in it in her terrified flight. He went swiftly down the stairs.

HE was stunned to find that she was dead. To his inexpert eye it looked as if her neck was broken.

He stared down at her for a long time without moving. Then quite clearly he saw that nobody would believe it was an accident. The diabolic irony of it! A short while ago he had been considering with detachment the odds against a man getting away with the murder of his wife!

This did not look like an accident. It would be obvious to the police that her husband had pushed her downstairs and then, to account for her fall, had pulled up the torn piece of carpet at the top of the stairs. There was also the matter of her thousand pounds life insurance for them to consider. Motive, method, opportunity—they would have everything they needed!

Stuart Mitchell knew that the scales were weighted heavily against him. If he had intended to murder his wife, he would have done it more

(*Continued on page 58*)

Style 554
An exquisite nightdress with a deep neckline frill of permanent pleating. In shadow striped nylon chiffon at **84/-.**

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In nylon tricot, this slip is trimmed with torchon lace, at **39/11.**
Matching french knicker **21/-**

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expertly. He would have given it more thought, arranged a cast-iron alibi. . . .

Suddenly he knew what he had to do.

He put on his mackintosh and hat and opened the hall door. He went out into the heavy rain, encountering nobody as he made for the tram stop. Twenty minutes later he was in his room at the insurance company's offices. It now proved providential that he had remained on a little late this afternoon. He had spoken of working late to some of his colleagues and had been the last person to leave the building. Seated at his desk he picked up the telephone and called his home. He had to do that. They might be able to check up. His unanswered call came back to him over the wire as a series of double buzzes. He listened in fascination to them. He imagined them as faltering heart-beats. He quelled them for ever as he returned the receiver to its cradle with a metallic click in which there was a sombre finality. He picked it up again and called his friends, the Belmonts.

"HALLO, Irma," he said. "Is Marda with you? . . . Oh, I thought she might have gone across. I got no reply at home. You see, I had some work to do here and I'm afraid I forgot all about our dinner engagement with you. I'm terribly sorry! I've only just remembered. I rang Marda to explain, but she doesn't answer." He paused while Irma told him that she could see a light in their bedroom across the street. "She's probably making herself beautiful in the bathroom and didn't hear me ring. Would you mind awfully, Irma, sending Ted across? He can explain. I expect to be finished here in half an hour. But don't delay dinner."

He hung up. Then he sat back to wait. Twenty minutes later the telephone rang and Irma's stunned voice was saying, "I don't know how to tell you this, Stu." But she did. She told him that Ted had got no reply when he rang the bell. He had then looked through the letter-box and seen Marda crumpled at the foot of the stairs. He had forced the door. She was dead.

"She must have come running out of the bedroom when she heard you ringing, Stu. Her foot seems to have caught in a hole in the carpet and she—she fell. Stu, I can't tell you how dreadful we feel. . . ."

He had done it! He had covered up brilliantly! He stared abstractedly at his desk calendar. August the thirteenth. A Friday, too. An unlucky day.

Abruptly a chill feeling went through him. All his actions since he had left the house were suddenly familiar to him. It had all happened before! He tried desperately to remember. No, no, it hadn't happened. He had planned it! He had planned every detail—leaving the office late, even the telephone call to Irma!

Yes, that was why the theme of wife-murder had obsessed him in his short story attempts. That was why he had specified Friday, the 13th of August as the day Gregory Bascomb was to kill his wife. What trick of the subconscious had obscured that knowledge from him until now? Was it the accomplishment of his plan that had revived his memory?

He had picked this particular Friday because of their dinner engagement with Irma and Ted. The worn carpet? Had he depended on her to catch her foot in it? Or was that a fortuitous accident? Had he intended to throw her down the stairs? . . . No, much better the way it had happened. No unpleasant memories of physical violence to upset him in the future.

He relaxed comfortably in his chair. Queer how his mind had worked. He had managed to keep himself in ignorance of his grim plan until his purpose had been fulfilled. His subconscious had protected him from the full and sickening knowledge that he intended to murder his wife. Only in the haunting theme of his short-story attempts had it given him a sly hint of his own purpose. And now his anxiety to write that story had proved unnecessary. Marda's death would provide him with the thousand pounds he needed!

He chuckled and lit a cigarette. He was pleased to observe that his fingers were perfectly steady. He stood up. Better be getting home. He adjusted his face to a suitable expression of shocked grief.

THE house was ablaze with light and seemed to be full of people. Irma and Ted met him and tried to comfort him. He bravely resisted their kindness and said he wished to see his wife. There were several people in the drawing-room with her.

All but one of them withdrew deferentially when he entered. He was a small, mild little man. He showed Mitchell a number of sheets of paper with handwriting on them. Mitchell glanced at them. He recognized the writing and the name of Gregory Bascomb and a date—Friday, the 13th of August. Five minutes later he broke down and told the man everything and said he was glad it was over.

The little man said nothing for a long time. Eventually he stirred himself and put on his hat and said, "I think you'd better come with me, Mr. Mitchell."

"Yes," Mitchell said hopelessly and stood up.

The little man touched him gently on the arm and smiled a little.

"You're going to give somebody a headache, you know." He sighed. "I don't know where this is going to end." Then he gave Mitchell's arm an encouraging squeeze. "But I don't think they've ever hanged a subconscious yet."

END

Nine Out Of Ten

Too Short A Blessing (*Continued from page 19*)

I have never forgotten the look Mary gave me then. She said no more, but I knew that divorce was still dangling before her eyes, and no donkey in the world ever raced so hard to catch any wretched dangling carrot as did Mary for a time. I saw little of Bill, but I heard, indirectly, that he was away from home a lot, and that Rosalie was pulled between the two of them like a taut wire. "The trouble is that the poor child is so desperately fond of both of them," one of my friends told me, "I tremble to think what might happen to her, if the worst comes. Sometimes I think the child is walking on a veritable tight-rope. . . ."

Rosalie was not the first creature to walk a tight-rope of emotion, nor was she the first person to have her eyes forever fixed on the chasm beneath, so that she knew nothing of the little mouse nibbling at the rope from the bank. In the end it was the little mouse which sent the rope flying downwards. No spectacular divorce—no legal separation—only a trifling head cold caught at a football match, and which, instead of lasting a few days, settled grimly on Bill's chest, and produced pneumonia and death.

I FIND it difficult to write about Mary, in those strange days. Nobody, knowing Mary, had expected any hysterical displays of grief, or dramatic outpourings of repentance. But neither had we expected the stony-faced calm with which she moved and had her being.

"What a blessing Rosalie will be to her now," we told one another reassuringly, "Now, at last, the dear child will get the love she deserves."

Certainly Rosalie was a saint in the months following Bill's death. She devoted herself to bringing some light and happiness into Mary's life, and I know I, for one, remonstrated with Mary, pointing out that, in her passionate love for her mother, Rosalie must not be allowed to spoil her own life. Mary sat there, almost stupidly staring, not saying a word. Once, as I talked, a strange little smile touched her lips, but it was so transitory I might have imagined it.

It was Rosalie who persuaded her mother to move, to start a new life away from the scenes of her past life. "Mother grieves so," she told me, in a pathetic attempt to keep up the illusion that her parents had been rapturously happy together, "I feel I can never take Daddy's place in her heart—but I can do my best."

SHE did, too. Slowly, as the months passed, something of the old Mary returned. She and Rosalie went about everywhere together, and it was Rosalie who encouraged her mother to take up the art which she had abandoned when she married Bill. They went to lectures together, attended classes, discussed art and literature into the small hours of the morning. I seldom saw two women so devoted to one another, and Rosalie won the admiration of us all. The only thing we worried about was the possibility that Rosalie might miss any real life of her own, in her absorption in her mother's happiness.

They went away together, to Cornwall. I suppose they had been down there for almost three weeks when they suddenly wired to say they were returning, and would I have the house prepared for them. I did what I could, of course, but I was upset by this sudden change of plans, and when they arrived I was shocked beyond words by Rosalie's appearance. She had the look of one who had been ill for months, and was only slowly convalescing.

Mary I found strangely taciturn, almost rude.

"It was nothing," was all she would tell me, "We had to come back, that's all."

IT was Rosalie who told me, much later, and with much hesitation, that they had come back because of a very unpleasant incident which had occurred soon after their arrival. Mary, it seemed, had gone for a walk with one of the guests at the hotel, and when they had not returned by ten o'clock, Rosalie had grown worried and gone to look for them. She told me she met her mother hurrying home, upset and unwilling to talk. "Poor darling," Rosalie told me, with a shudder, "Can you imagine mother's feelings, so soon after Daddy's death? That man had tried to kiss her . . . and he was such a horrible man—everything that Daddy would most hate—and Mother, too, of course——"

Mary told me nothing of the incident, and it was soon forgotten. Indeed, everything else was forgotten, for it was only shortly after the Cornwall holiday that young Frank Adams came striding into Rosalie's life.

She had never had many young friends, for she was far too wrapped up in Mary, but she had kept up a more or less constant friendship with little Molly Javers. It was through Molly that Rosalie first met Frank, and I can remember thinking that it would be a good thing for Rosalie to know a boy's company for a change. The three of them went about together, for a time, and then, quite naturally, Molly dropped out of the threesome, having the wit, as I thought, not to want to play gooseberry.

Molly was a nice enough girl—a bit too boisterous for my own liking, and not attractive, but a nice kid for all that—and I think she realized that Rosalie and Frank were settling down to a serious courtship. For myself, I found it difficult to understand my feelings in those days. I do know that I realized that if Frank let down Rosalie, after all she had suffered with Mary and Bill, I'd hate him. If ever any human being needed and (*Continued on page 60*)

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deserved love, I thought, that creature was Rosalie. .

Mary, to my disgust, took almost no interest at all in the growing friendship. When I mentioned the matter, she smiled rather vaguely, I thought. "They'll not marry," she said flatly, "You'll see."

It took all my self-control to keep myself from shouting at her, from telling her bluntly that if Rosalie was afraid of marriage it was entirely due to her own precious parents and their dreadful example. I watched Rosalie anxiously, and was glad when it was to me that she came with her troubles and doubts.

"I do love him," she told me pathetically, her young face tense with anxiety, "But how can I be sure we shall be happy? I could not bear it if our love grew spoiled, like—like love seems to do, after marriage. I would want it to be perfect, always—I could not accept anything less than perfection this time——"

ALLOWING for a certain natural dramatization of all young people, I could well understand Rosalie's indecision. What more natural than that she should remember the fatal mistake her own parents had made? She had seen the farce of their married love—had watched it disintegrate into a series of stupid squabbles and futile reconciliations—how could she hope for any exception in her own marriage?

I think she must have tried to express some of her doubts to young Frank, and the fool could not put out a helping hand to this girl he was supposed to love—he could only walk off in stiff resentment, accusing her of not loving him sufficiently. Mary told me, in the vague way she had of talking since their return from Cornwall, that Rosalie was terribly upset about Frank.

"He is going about with some other girl already," she added tonelessly, "So it would seem there is no real harm done."

I could only gasp at this extraordinary attitude, seeing her as a most unnatural mother, that she could put Frank's interests and happiness before that of her own daughter. Personally I thought Rosalie well rid of the young chap—his love could have been worth precious little, if he could so soon find consolation.

I went away myself for a time, and so I did not see Rosalie or Mary for a while. When I did come back at last, I was shocked by Rosalie's abject misery. It was as if she was being slowly devoured by her own unhappiness and humiliation. "I love him so," she told me feverishly, "I don't care what happens, so long as we marry. I know it sounds as if I have no pride, but I'm going to ask him to come back to me."

I was so confident of the result of this touching move on Rosalie's part that I went out and bought a wedding present for the two of them. I went round, after a few days, to ask Mary if the wedding had been finally arranged. She regarded me with a queerly, pitying look, almost as if Rosalie belonged to me, instead of to her.

"He wouldn't have her," she told me bluntly, "He refused flatly. He married Molly Javers yesterday."

I COULDN'T believe it. I hated Frank in that moment with a fierce anger which I was not aware could exist within me. I felt physically sick with my loathing for this man, and all the while Mary sat there watching me, quite calm, and, it seemed, untroubled.

"I can't understand it!" I cried out at last, wanting to break down that damnable and incredible calm, "All her life it's been this way—all she ever asked from life was love. Is that too much for her to ask, Mary? Yet none of you have given it to her—neither you nor Bill, and now this Frank—I can't stand it, can't bear to think of her suffering, do you hear?"

Still she said nothing, just looked at me as if she pitied me. When I demanded to know where was her daughter, she looked towards the ceiling.

"Upstairs," she said simply, "She won't get up. But don't worry, my dear, she'll soon find somebody else to love—she'll always find somebody——"

"What's happened to you, Mary?" I burst out angrily, "She's your child, and she's bitterly unhappy—she needs you, as she never needed you before, and what do you do? Sit there and tell me she'll soon find somebody else! After all she has done for you, Mary—tell me, what would have happened to you, without Rosalie? What would you be without her?"

"Happy," she said.

I thought she must be mad, crazy with grief, and for a moment I felt a return of my old affection for her.

"You're tired," I said gently, "You do not know what you're saying. I understand, my dear—so much has happened to upset, you. That incident in Cornwall, for instance, so soon after poor Bill's death, and now this——"

She stood up, looking down at me as if she scarcely knew me.

"That 'incident,' as you term it," she told me simply, "Or as Rosalie has taught you to think of it—that 'incident' was my last chance of happiness. Please go now."

I WENT home, without seeing Rosalie. I thought of her all day, and dreamed of her aching misery all night. I pictured her, once more, as a child, shocked and frightened by her parents' quarrels—a lonely, eager child holding out hands for love, and receiving only the casual slaps of Fate in return. Of Mary I chose not to think at all, for she had been guilty of the unforgivable sin, I thought—she had turned against her own child. I told myself it was probably due

Too Short A Blessing

to her age—"the difficult age" they called it, didn't they? Women were forgiven for strange moods and feelings, and one day, no doubt, I would forgive Mary. . . .

The next time I saw Rosalie, she had little to say to me. Somebody had given her a pup—a nice little thing, with an absurd grin when he was pleased. She was lavishing on the little creature all the love which she had tried to bestow upon those who would not accept it. I watched her fondling and talking to the animal until I could bear it no longer. It was only when I got up to go that the little dog tried to come to me, and I saw her arms tighten about it, and, for a brief moment, I thought I saw panic in her lovely eyes.

ALL that was years ago. It was only quite recently that I summoned up enough courage to send a wire of congratulation to Frank and Molly, telling them that I was glad to hear their marriage had turned out such a success. I wish I'd written years ago, but the human heart is slow to learn. Perhaps it was not until I came across a little verse by Dryden, a few months back, that I realized how long I had been in coming to a full understanding. I remembered reading it once before in my life—it was quoted in the last letter Frank ever wrote to Rosalie:

I read it to myself aloud, and this time it made sense:

"The pleasure of possessing,
Surpasses all expressing.
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain."

Wise Frank—how did he know, and he so young, and in love, so much of the real Rosalie? How could he have seen through to that eager, leech-like heart of hers, which fed on all who came near enough to its destructive affection? I remembered Mary's pathetic little effort to find a new happiness in Cornwall—an "incident" doomed from the start because of Rosalie's suffocating love. . . . I recalled the friendly bickerings of Mary and Bill, before Rosalie's birth. . . . I even remembered the little dog—put to sleep at so young an age because he had a "tendency to roam," to quote Rosalie's words, but who committed the unforgivable sin of giving his doggy affection to all and sundry instead of only to one.

Sometimes, in the night, it comes to me that perhaps they all knew and understood Rosalie, except me. I alone was blind, oblivious of that insane possessiveness, that feverish thirst for complete devotion, that smothering, suffocating affection. I saw in her only a lonely child, starved of love. My eyes were blind, but they are open now, and able to see clearly, when it is too late.

For I, seeing myself as the only one who really loved Rosalie, married her, and now it is my turn to understand, in full.

Towns In Transit (*Continued from page 16*)

WHAT is the reason for this strange anomaly, this lopsided growth of the New Towns that leaves their residents—in many cases admirably housed—to meet on their civic and social occasions in makeshift accommodation such as crowded huts instead of elegant community centres—as was the intention?

There is in fact a variety of reasons, and behind them the twin factors of economic stringency and legal inadequacy. Shortage of funds, materials and labour; Government restrictions on licences and capital expenditure; unsatisfactory legislation; divided responsibilities as between Development Corporations and local authorities; all these enter the picture in a way that was certainly not foreseen when the New Towns were conceived and planned.

The net result is that almost all needs save the immediate one of getting on with the houses, preparing roofs to go over the heads of the incoming residents, have had to be side-tracked.

And the same troubles that are hampering the full flowering of the New Towns are handicapping the New Towns' smaller relations, the outlying housing estates of the London County Council.

With a like resettlement plan in view the L.C.C. started, after the war, to acquire land outside the county of London, ear-marking altogether over 5,000 acres on which to build some 42,000 houses.

But the L.C.C.'s aim, like that of Lord Reith and his committeemen, went beyond mere housing. It projected thirteen estates, in reality small townships complete with all social amenities and every facility for full communal life.

On paper the plan for the Council's Harold Hill and Debden Estates (Essex), its Oxhey Estate (Herts), its St. Paul's Cray Estate (Kent) and the rest looked fine. Schools, community centres, libraries, clinics and churches all had their place. But, again, the reality is different. Other priorities and the restricted powers of local bodies have put a disappointing curb on the good work.

IN these out-county estates the L.C.C. has since the war resettled 100,000 people; and all that the ten largest of them can muster up in the way of communal buildings are six temporary huts, two community centres in converted houses, one public house in converted premises, one privately owned hall and ten churches.

The 21,000 folk of the Harold Hill Estate are typical sufferers in this respect. They run, between them, thirty-seven organizations, yet they have been making do with one small church hall and an army-style hut.

The trouble about community halls and rooms is that the Treasury will not finance them (*Continued on page 62*)

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Perfection Cream 9/2, 17/6 and 32/6 incl. tax

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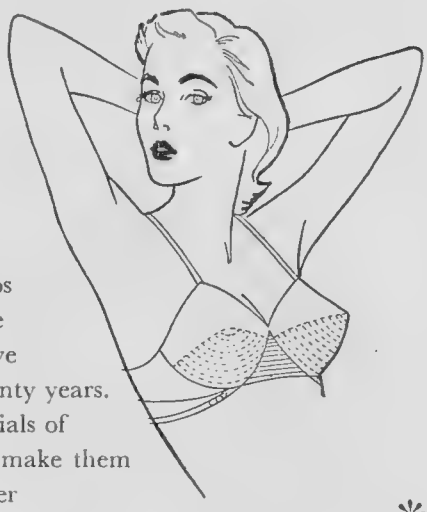

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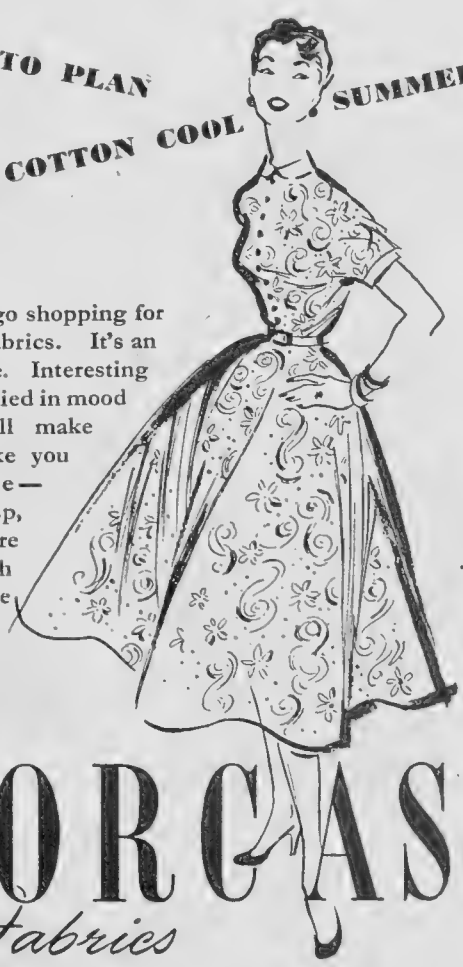

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unless they can be shown to be economic propositions. And as even a small hall costs about £10,000 few organizations could meet the repayments and running costs—least of all the New Towns, which have no rates and cannot raise their rents to cover such outlay.

Hertfordshire County Council was prepared, not to build community centres, but to make grants to "community associations" for buildings and so on; but down came the Ministry of Education's axe and this possibility, too, was scotched.

Two years ago the people of Oxhey (Herts), starved of a meeting-centre, overflowed their single hut (they now have two, and eleven more may be forthcoming) into the local school premises, causing an undue wear-and-tear therein that worried the county authorities whose responsibility the buildings were.

Here, incidentally, is an instance of how divided powers may cramp the progress of the new communities. For while the Development Corporation or the L.C.C. builds the houses, the county council provides the services; and thus in places like Essex and Hertfordshire, where New Towns and L.C.C. estates are added to the ordinary county commitments, the county authority is heavily burdened indeed.

SCHOOL accommodation, in fact, is raising quite a problem in the New Towns, where most of the newcomers are young couples, some with families of up to four children. It is reckoned that the number of school-age children in these towns is some three times higher than the national average. (And no doubt the story is very similar in the L.C.C. estates.)

How are these numerous offspring to be properly taught in these postwar townships when the word has gone forth that school-building must be cut? The only solution seems to be—if the new schools are to avoid overcrowding—for the local authorities and the Development Corporations to work out some special dispensation for these special places.

And then there are the churches and church halls—so short that clergy have been conducting their services in schoolrooms, private houses, garages, and even over licensed premises. For them it is usually not the money that is wanting, but the building permits, as elusive here as in the case of more mundane fabrics.

This is a pity, for it is the Church, suitably housed, that can give such valuable leadership and initiate so much vital voluntary help in these young townships.

Admittedly bricks and mortar alone do not make a community, but they are a good foundation. And unless the tight hand of control releases enough of them, the New Towns, the L.C.C. estates and all similar projects are in some danger of bogging down.

END

The Other Geranium (*Continued from page 41*)

those with highly fragrant foliage, which is grand for mixing with cut flowers. Varieties for instance like Shrubland Pet, whose flowers are pink with a blotch on the upper petals. Crispum Major is citron scented, while Crispum variegatum is lemon scented and has as its name suggests, variegated silver leaves. Citrodorum is orange scented and has beautiful vivid green foliage, whilst tormentosum produces flat velvety leaves with the glorious fragrance of peppermint.

The ivy-leaved geranium is almost indispensable for the window box, the tub, and the hanging baskets. Instead of growing up stiff and straight, it scrambles about just like the ivy and produces masses of flowers as it does so. Most people this year are growing a variety called Her Majesty the Queen, which is a fine single salmon; King Edward VII is also very popular. It's a profuse bloomer and has flowers of a rich red cerise colour. There is one known as Mrs. W. A. R. Clifton which produces such closely formed double blooms that it gives the appearance of a carnation more than a geranium. It is indeed a rich scarlet of outstanding merit.

Those who have been to Sandringham will have seen the Queen's grand selection of variegated and coloured leaved geraniums. Golden Harry Hieover, for instance, which is a gem for small beds or for edging. It has bright golden foliage and a mass of small scarlet flowers. There's Mrs. Pollock with leaves coloured red, yellow and green. It's probably one of the finest golden tricolours there is, Mrs. H. Cox is another, but the growth is perhaps not quite so robust. Happy Thought is charming with its large upturned, upcurled leaves, green and white in colour; while Golden Dawn is another gold and green with salmon scarlet flowers.

Few people realize that there are cactus varieties which have quilled petals; Crimson Queen, for instance, or Fascination, the rich rose pink. There are some with what may be called a semi-trailing habit, like Mrs. Newton, which has silver variegated foliage; is beautifully sweetly scented, and yet it bears pink flowers in clusters. I wish indeed that Englishmen knew more about the possibilities of geraniums because then I am sure they would use many more varieties.

For those who are going to grow the geraniums in window boxes, I strongly recommend the use of the John Innes Potting Compost. This special soils mixture can be bought today from the best horticultural sundriesmen and gives wonderful results. After the plants have been growing for a month or so they will need a little extra food and it is then that one of the bottled liquid manures can be obtained and after dilution the window box can be fed once a week. Be sure to buy the liquids which are specially made up for this purpose. They are labelled "Flower Special."

NEVER put the geraniums out while there's any danger of frost. It usually means that the planting cannot be done until say May 23, or even later in the north. It's probably the only bedding out plant that will be flowering well on Coronation Day. In the beds the plants should be eighteen inches apart and it won't be long before they start to mass together and then you'll see nothing but foliage and flowers and very little soil. Always try and put out short-jointed bushy plants with three or four stems growing as close to the ground as possible. Plant firmly and if the weather is dry not only water the plants well the day before but water them in once they are in position.

In order to save a great deal of hoeing later on, it pays to cover the soil with sedge peat to the depth of an inch or so immediately afterwards. This will not only help to smother the weeds, but will also provide an ideal mulch.

Many people this year will be concentrating on the red, white and blue themes.

The red geranium as the centre piece, with the blue Lobelia and the white Alyssum as a surround. Incidentally, after planting the Alyssum sprinkle a few seeds around each specimen and this will result in little seedlings appearing which will continue the blooming long after the original "bedders" have finished.

END

If You Were In The Abbey (*Continued from page 15*)

kneeling again now, and he pronounces a blessing upon her.

The ceremony becomes even more solemn. Now the Queen is attired in a lace-bedecked sleeveless surplice of fine white cambric (the Colobium Sindonis) and a long tunic of cloth-of-gold richly worked in gold thread (the Supertunica). The Lord Great Chamberlain brings the Golden Spurs; and the Jewelled State Sword, the most costly and beautiful sword in the world, its grip a mass of diamonds, is delivered into her right hand by the Archbishop. "With this sword do justice," he bids her. After a prayer, the Queen approaches the altar and offers it there.

With what reverence and breathless attention the whole seven thousand within the Abbey, and indeed the whole realm and world without, mark these details! For soon now will be the actual ceremony of crowning. The Queen is invested with the emblems of sovereignty: the Coronation Bracelets, their use revived with the words "Receive the Bracelets of sincerity and wisdom as a token of God's embrace"; the Stole Royal and the Robe Royal, a white and gold imperial mantle of which Lord Great Chamberlain fastens the clasps; the Orb (symbol of the Cross dominating the World); the Sovereign's Ring of a ruby, diamonds and a sapphire, known as the "Wedding Ring of England." She is also invested with the Sceptre with the Cross and the Rod with the Dove.

The supreme moment is now at hand! There is a sense of profound expectancy.

The Archbishop takes the crown and lifts it high in the air. Its fabulous gems catch and fling off flashing rays of light like some supernatural emblem from heaven. Slowly and reverently the Primate lowers it upon the young head. . . .

The whole Abbey springs to life. Drums roll thunderously. Massed trumpets blare into a triumphant fanfare. "God Save the Queen," shouts the congregation. Again and again "*God Save the Queen!*" Peers and Peeresses, in a colourful tide of movement, scarlet, gold and purple that flows through nave and blue-and-silver draped galleries, raise crimson cloaked arms and put on their coronets.

Within the Abbey the Queen is now upon her Throne. By the steps stand the great officers of State, bearing Swords and Sceptres. The Archbishop has done his fealty, and all eyes are upon the Duke of Edinburgh. He comes before his Queen, takes off his coronet and kneels. Looking up into her face, he speaks from his heart:

"I, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

He rises, touches the crown on the Queen's head, and leans forward to kiss her left cheek.

More homage, kissing of Her Majesty's hand, and then—led by the orchestra, the great Westminster Abbey organ, the choirs, trumpeters and drummers—the whole congregation, and indeed the whole nation listening everywhere, joins in the glorious jubilant hymn "All People That On Earth Do Dwell, Sing To The Lord With Cheerful Voice!"

Before the altar now (and this is almost the final stage of the whole ceremony) the Queen and Prince Philip are kneeling at the faldstool to receive the Sacraments together as husband and wife. There is a prayer for the Duke, a blessing for him, and such wonderful music as has rarely been heard before. It climaxes finally, as the Queen retires with her retinue, in a "Te Deum" of urgent, fiery vitality, to be garbed afresh in the glorious robe of purple velvet with its fabulous ermine and wearing the crown and carrying the sceptre and orb, she moves in regal procession with her retinue towards the great West doors.

"God save our gracious Queen, Long live our noble Queen." And outside the pressing hundreds of thousands prepare to cheer themselves hoarse as nine processions escort the young Queen home.

END

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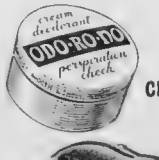

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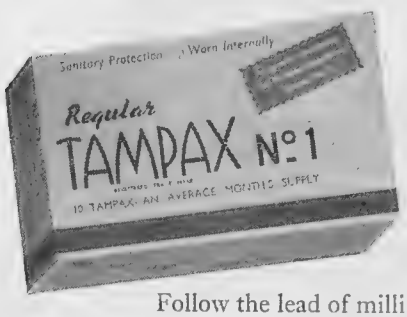

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Not-so-heavenly Twins (*Continued from page 50*)

MY wife and I lived in a fantastic topsy-turvy world that might have been invented by Kafka. Night seemed to be spent sitting huddled in bed, side by side in dressing gown and gloves, pouring niagaras of milk into tiny mouths, while outside the snow fell and the church clock slowly clanged out the dying hours.

Those days are gone now, though the twins still stage an occasional demonstration of power to keep us in our place and show that we are only their parents after all. Just when the guests are due to arrive for dinner, they will launch a screaming marathon. As they operate in alternate shifts, neither has to exert herself for longer than five minutes at a time, though it may go on for forty-five minutes. There are no intervals, no variation in volume, it is *fortissimo* all the way, and it only ends when the guests ring the doorbell.

By this time my wife has burnt her soufflé and broken the best vegetable dish, while I have poured the Rioja into the sherry and stubbed out a cigarette on the palm of my hand. We are hardly on speaking terms from rage and frustration. The guests peep into the cot where the golden-haired twins lie sleeping, their blue eyes closed and their red lips set in seraphic smiles.

"*Aren't they wonderful!*" sigh the guests, "*such good babies!*"

Nevertheless I must confess I enjoy feeling like a film star when the women flock round me in the park. My wife feels rather hurt because no one stares at her when she goes out alone without the twins. I am as proud of our large twin pram, built like a state landau, as I would be of a new car. And it is impossible to be bored with the twins who keep up an endless, unintelligible cross-talk act for all the word like Abbott and Costello whom they somewhat resemble.

But I can't help wishing that people would stop asking, "How are the twins?" and revert to, "How are you?" After all the twins are waited on, hands and feet, fed, bathed, amused, weighed, transported and photographed, like a couple of Aga Khans, whom fortunately they do not resemble. I am merely the obsequious genie of the milk bottle who appears in a puff of smoke to attend their every whimper.

END

Holiday Favourites (*Continued from page 45*)

scenery richly rewarding. Here, whether on north coast or south, are the most magnificent rocks in England; and in and out of those rocks, like so many links in a chain, a wealth of little harbours, ports and fishing coves thread their way round from South Devon to North Devon.

Though practically the whole coastline is worth a visit, it is the smaller ports and coves that call me loudest. Such spots as Port Isaac, Cadgwith, Mevagissey, Mullion—yes, and Polperro, for all that its praises have been sung so widely as to render it dangerously "popular" in recent years.

Yet were I to choose a spot for a Cornish holiday I think that I should decide upon either the Roseland district around St. Mawes or else the delightful yachting centre of Fowey. I know of few sports more enchanting than Fowey with its labyrinth of lanes, passageways and fascinating old houses and, smiling across from the opposite side of the harbour, the twin hamlets of Polruan and Bodinnick. On the other hand, Fowey attracts many visitors "in season"; Roseland is quieter.

The fact that I rank Cornwall top does not mean that I have no eye for the rest of our coastline. Only last year I spent a week at Salcombe in Devon; and I have seldom spent a more enjoyable one. Here I found creeks to explore by boat; sandy coves to explore by foot; rock scenery second only to that of Cornwall, and sea surely every bit as blue.

If never so grand as the grey granite of Cornwall, the red-sand cliffs of Devonshire have many attractions, too; as also has much of the Dorset coast.

THE answer to the question "where to go?" must naturally depend, however, upon the answer to another question, "what to do?" If that answer is, simply, "sail," there is surely no need to go so far afield. All along both the South and the East coasts are scores of delightful little yachting centres—Lymington and Bursledon in Hampshire, for instance; Chichester Harbour and Rye in Sussex; Burnham and Maldon in Essex. . . .

But sailing brings me to the second item on my list—rivers. For while many will choose to put to sea, others may feel that nothing can surpass a yachting holiday on those vast areas of water formed by the overflow of the Norfolk and Suffolk rivers and known as The Broads.

Altogether, I believe, The Broads extend over five thousand acres, and stretch for something like two hundred miles. There are few more peaceful forms of holiday than to drift leisurely with the wind down the Bure, the Thurne or the Ant between banks of reeds and willows from one Broad to the next, the stillness broken only by the varying songs and calls of the wild birds—the kingfisher, the heron, the bittern, the snipe, the marsh harrier.

Assuming that one has no desire to sail, but merely to walk, drive and generally explore, or, at most ambitious, fish for salmon or trout, I would turn instinctively to the River Wye. As long ago as 1802, when Nelson passed down the valley of the Wye in the company of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the "Wye Tour" numbered among the fashionable holidays in which the "fancy" endeavoured to indulge at some time or other before they died. Though perhaps no longer exactly fashionable, there can still be few more beautiful stretches of country than that between the Wye's source at Plynlimmon, in the mountains of Wales, and its mouth at Chepstow.

The grandest stretch lies below Ross, in the glorious Tintern Valley. This valley provides an ever-changing scene. At one moment the river is clear and sparkling; at another it has all but disappeared behind the trees. In one part the course flows straight; in another, as at Ross itself, the river has turned back to form a horseshoe bend. . . .

I have explored the Wye from both the forest and Ross at different times, and I strongly recommend either as a centre. But, if I were going there on holiday and could possibly afford the time, I would also journey a little farther northwards—not necessarily to seek the source of the Wye but to visit some of the Welsh Border towns and villages.

I would make a point of seeing Ludlow and Shrewsbury, Weobley, Pembridge and Leominster (pronounced Lemster, by the way), Eardisland and Eardisley, Much Wenlock and the hills of Clee and Clun. In this stretch of country where England meets Wales are more half-timbered houses than in any other single corner. Here, too, are ruined abbeys and ruined castles, the last the strongholds of the Marcher Lords during the long centuries when Englishman fought Welshman.

As I say, if I were choosing a river, it would be the Wye. At the same time I have spent more than one delightful holiday exploring the Avon with its many Shakespeare links, making Stratford my headquarters. Though I would hasten to add that I have always made a point of dodging the crowds where Stratford is concerned, a friend in the district having warned me of the tremendous influx of visitors to the town during August.

I have also spent many a happy week or two at different points along the Thames. . . .

But enough of rivers. Quite one of the most delightful (*Continued on page 66*)

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holiday spots is the Lakes—especially if you can time your holiday for May, June, September or October, the least rainy season.

Altogether there are sixteen lakes, and they occupy an area of something like one hundred square miles of Cumberland, Westmorland and Lancashire. By far the largest and best known is the ten-mile long Windermere; the wildest and loneliest probably Wast Water or Ennerdale. There is a world of difference, in my opinion, between the lakes of Cumberland and those of Westmorland. While the surrounding fells of Cumberland tend to be grand, rugged, often barren and sometimes almost forbidding; the Westmorland fells are gentler and kinder—and, in due season, gay with bluebells and foxgloves.

If you prefer nature at her wildest you may do as the poet Southey did—make Keswick your centre and devote your time to Ullswater, Wast Water, Loweswater, Crummock Water, Buttermere and Derwentwater, the last to my mind one of the loveliest of all. Or else you may decide to stay at one of the more remote inns near the banks of a lake. If you prefer nature in tamer mood, you will follow Wordsworth to Grasmere and pay

Holiday Favourites

first attention to the lakes of Westmorland and Lancashire.

BUT if you are wise you will see them all. I have seen them in most moods and many times, yet such is the beauty or magnificence, the lure, of each that I still do not know which is my favourite.

The Lakes provide a kind of vignette of some of the mountain scenery to be found in Scotland or Wales. Anyone who falls to the spell of the Lakes, or has already done so, would do well to consider the claims of Snowdonia (making Beddgelert or Capel Curig their centre). They should consider, too, a visit to Perthshire and Argyll with, say, one week at Killin and another at Oban. Nowhere, surely, is beauty more plentiful than in this glorious district of Scottish lochs and mountains, of braes and glens, and, where the Oban area is concerned, rugged coast and islands.

Though I mention Scotland last I am not at all sure that I would not choose Killin and Oban for my holiday centres this year. Maybe I shall.

END

Book Reviews *(Continued from page 32)*

in **"The Kentish Stour"** (Cassell, 15s.): an exploration rich with history, since it takes in Canterbury and Sandwich, and is liberally photographed.

ARCHBISHOP DAVID MATHEW was once a priest in Cardiff. In his novel **"The Prince Of Wales's Feathers"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), John Mergerison is a young parson in "Port Caerleon," so one may guess where the author derives his remarkable knowledge of dockside characters, coloured and white. Never, in one tale, have I met so many with the breath of reality in them. The story is mainly of local-born Amelia, wife of a West African seaman, and her obsession in a gay, no-good R.A.F.V.R. line-shooter who had married her bigamously, left her, and now comes into her life again to pilfer money as well as heart. A most distinguished story, admirably written.

IT gave me pleasure to praise Robert Henriques' *Through The Valley*. A fit successor, also about farming life in the Cotswolds, is **"A Stranger Here"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), in which a well-acred and moneyed farmer, middle-aged, married, meets his fate in a younger woman who comes as nurse to the wife of the local magnate of Fairmile Park. Rivalry between the two men over two farms up for sale culminates in a drama in which a thousand head of snowbound cattle have to be rescued from a drift at night; but the crux is in the man-woman relationship which prompts the farmer to say in the end: "There's no finish to the punishment a man can bring on himself." Mr. Henriques at his best is near-Hardy.

MME. DE MONTESPAN, mistress of Louis XIV and dabbler in black magic . . . yes, a gift to any novelist. Alexandra Dick aims at presenting the fundamental Athénaïs in **"The Irresistible"** (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.), and makes of her not a witch but indubitably a woman, of particular appeal to women who like "historicals" elegantly dressed and perfumed, with court background.

AN English girl involved with a band of Corsican tobacco smugglers operating from an old Mediterranean fortress sharpens the romance and drama in Philip Atkey's **"Juniper Rock"** (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), especially as there's a young Englishman in it, and the racket is doped "reefers."

SOME good novels are coming to us from Australia. In **"The Challenge"** (Angus and Robertson, 12s. 6d.), E. V. Timms continues his sagas of the pioneering days with the story of young Susan Leigh and her mother Jenny, island-wrecker of Bass Strait. Susan's adventures make a forthright tale of a tough, turbulent era.

ELYNE MITCHELL'S **"Flow River, Blow Wind"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.), is modern—the triangle relationship of a soldier, back from the war, his wife and another woman on a sheep and cattle station in the Murray Valley; a significant study of how Alamein and All That can distort a man's domestic outlook.

TWO U.S. novels of up to 400 pages will satisfy those who like to live with a book for a week or three and do not boggle at voluminous detail. Mitchell Wilson's **"My Brother, My Enemy"** (W. H. Allen, 15s.), depicts two brothers working on TV research, with close-ups of their technical problems to kindle the science-minded, for to Davy a vacuum tube is a thing of music and beauty. Love and family problems, too, complicate the brotherly rivalry.

WHEN a publisher ranks a story with *Gone With The Wind* and its heroine with Scarlett O'Hara one is tempted to point out that literary prodigies happen only once and cannot be repeated—which is why they *are* prodigies. But there is a certain affinitive interest in Gwen Bristow's **"Jubilee Trail"** (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 14s.), a massive tale of the Golden West of the 1840s when California was Mexican-ruled and Indians menaced the Santa Fé trail. Garnet, too, is a vivid creation; her adventures with actress friend Florinda reflect the colour of a gaudy era. She can hardly fail to be a top-seller.

TO "hit the beach" (or the burg), "shack up with a babe," and have a good time without getting "fouled up" seems to be the hobby of U.S. Navy men off Cuba. Maxwell Griffith's **"Port Of Call"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) covers only three days of aircraft-carrier life, and on one of them the shore patrols have to cope with hostess-harlots, "reefer" smokers, gin-mills, brawls, rough houses and worse. Frank, vivid, ruthless in its realism; the Navy with the lid off; but hardly good propaganda for the Iron Curtain?

OTHER books recommended for reading include:

"The Secret Of Serenity," by Carl Glick (Rider, 15s.), shows how the wisdom of the Orient will help you find happiness. **"The Fine Art Of Mixing Drinks,"** by David Embury (Faber and Faber, 25s.), covers every phase of the subject from judging a fine *(Continued on page 68)*

THE TIMES

BOOKSHOP

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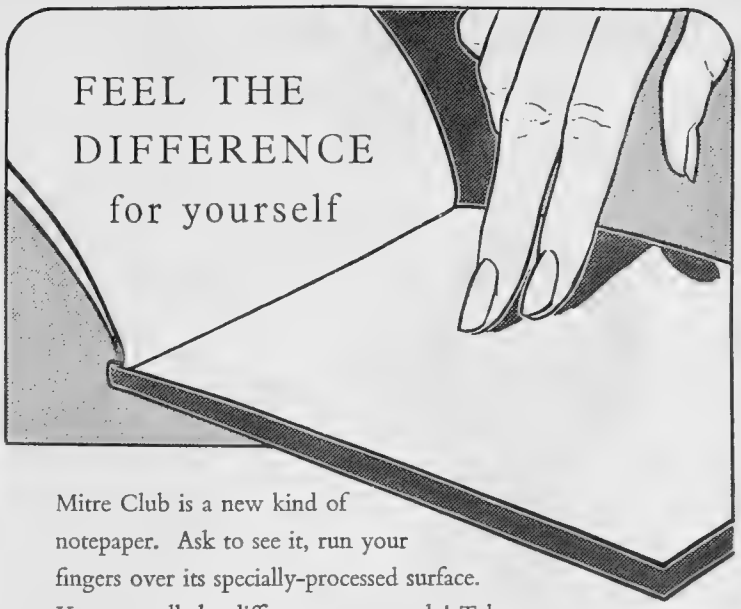

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Book Reviews

liquor to the selection of a corkscrew. **"Good Poultry And Game Dishes,"** by Ambrose Heath (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), provides excellent basic recipes for pheasant, partridge, chicken or even the humble rabbit. **"The Lore Of Birthdays,"** by Ralph and Adelin Linton (Rider, 8s. 6d.), is a very readable and amusing book telling the ancient lore and legends that surround birthday customs of all ages. **"The Intelligent Parents' Manual,"** by Florence Powdermaker and Louise Grimes (Penguin Handbooks, 2s. 6d.). A practical guide to the care and understanding of children from infancy to adolescence. **"The Mother's Guide To Natural Childbirth,"** by Frederick W. Goodrich (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). The aim of the guide is to make childbirth happier to both mothers and babies. **"They Serve The Queen,"** by Randolph Churchill (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), is a new and authoritative account of the Royal Household which gives a fascinating account of how it is run.

FICTION

"The Lady And The Unicorn," by Peter Irving (Evans, 9s. 6d.), **"Journey To Melbury,"** by Shirley Darbyshire (Hale, 10s. 6d.), **"The Night Watchman's Friend,"** by Mary Fitt (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). **"There Was A Crooked Man,"** by Kelly Roos (Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"The Bloodstained Bokhara,"** by William Campbell Gault (Boardman, 9s. 6d.). **"Sea Change,"** by Elisabeth Hargreaves (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Rooms At Mrs. Oliver's,"** by Kathleen Kellow (Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"Look To The Rose,"** by Madeleine Bingham (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.).

END

The Versatile Cauliflower

(*Continued from page 52*)

sauce, and when it has slightly thickened stir around so that the broccoli is blended into the sauce. Cover the pan again and braise for another six or seven minutes, then add meat, heat and serve.

But we haven't finished with our vegetable yet! Do try *Cauliflower Fritters*, for which you will need a medium-sized cauliflower. You will also want the following:

1 small onion or shallot
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
Bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme and bayleaf)
Salt and pepper

And for the batter:

¼ lb. flour
1 egg
1 gill milk
salt

Cook the cauliflower together with the onion and herbs. Drain, and when cold divide into pieces. Make a marinade of oil, vinegar, shallots and seasoning, and steep the cauliflower in this for at least an hour, turning occasionally. Prepare the batter by stirring the egg into the seasoned flour, and adding enough milk to make a thick coating mixture. Beat thoroughly until it is smooth. Dip the pieces of cauliflower into the batter and fry in hot fat or oil until golden. Serve very hot.

AND lastly: have you ever tried *Cauliflower Soup*, and especially cauliflower soup with little dumplings? This you can make with a cauliflower which is, shall we say, a little *tired*, but not discoloured. Cut a medium-sized cauliflower into quarters and put it into a pan of boiling salted water. Cook for five minutes, then pour off the water. Cover with fresh boiling and salted water and (*Continued on page 70*)

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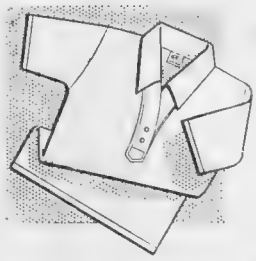

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cook the cauliflower for fifteen minutes, when it should be nearly tender, but not quite. Then strain, reserving the water for the soup. Put aside one cup of small flowerets and chop the rest of the cauliflower small. Also chop one small onion. Melt about 1½ ounces of butter or margarine in a saucepan, add 2 tablespoons cornflour, and stir over heat until it bubbles and is blended. Gradually pour in one pint cauliflower water, stirring, then one pint milk. Stir till it boils and begins to thicken. Then add the chopped vegetables, a small piece of mace and seasoning. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Meantime prepare small dumplings, add to the soup together with the cauliflower flowerets you have reserved, and cook for fifteen minutes longer. Serve as hot as possible.

That was simple, wasn't it? And you see how wersatile this wegetable is (sorry ! a slight difficulty with my consonants !)

END

Nylon For Summer

(*Continued from page 47*)

1 cast-on st., rep. across row. P.

Next row.—P., and inc. 22 times across row.
Change to No. 12 needles and lace patt.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., (m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) 14 times, m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1.

2nd and all even-numbered rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 1, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s..o, k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1) 15 times, k. 1.

5th row.—K. 1, (k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2) 15 times, k. 1.

7th row.—K. 1, (k. 2, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 3) 15 times, k. 1.

9th row.—K. 1, (k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2) 15 times, k. 1.

11th row.—K. 1, (k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1) 15 times, k. 1.

12th row.—P. These 12 rows complete one patt.

13th row.—Cast off 2 sts., k. next 4 sts., m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., continue in patt. as 1st row.

14th row.—Cast off 2 sts., p. to end.

15th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, then continue in patt. as 3rd row, ending m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog.

17th row.—K. 2 tog., twice, m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, then as 5th row, ending m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog.

19th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 5, then as 7th row, ending k. 2 tog. Continue in patt., dec. 1 st. at both ends of every k. row until 38 sts. remain, ending with a p. row, Break wool, leave sts. on spare needle.

TO MAKE UP.—Join sleeves to back and front, by a backstitch ¼ in. down. With No. 14 needles, and right side of work facing, pick up and k. 26 sts. from front opening around neck to sleeve seam ; then (k. 2 tog., k. 1) 12 times, k. 2 tog. (from sleeve sts. on needle) ; (k. 2 tog.) 35 times (from sts. on needle at back) ; (k. 2 tog., k. 1) 12 times, k. 2 tog., (from other sleeve top) ; pick up and k. 26 sts. around neck to front opening (137 sts.). Work 15 rows in st.st. (p. 1st row), and making a row of holes on 8th row. Cast off. Join ends of this piece to strips on centre front, then hem down all round. Join under arm and side seams.

END

Quickly Knit Cardigan

(*Continued from page 47*)

every row for 12 rows. Now pick up 30 sts. along cast-off edge of top of sleeve and work 12 rows rib. Cast off.

The edges of right front are worked in the same way, but buttonholes are worked as follows :

With *right* side facing after 5 rows are worked, work 2 sts. ; * cast off 3, work 6 ; rep. from *, ending work 8. Cast them on in next row and then work the last 5 rows. (Top buttonhole is made when sewing up join of rib.)

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

With No. 11 needles cast on 20 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 ins. Work a buttonhole at centre.

Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on cuffs and fasten with a button. Join ribbed edges, making top buttonhole by sewing up rib.

END

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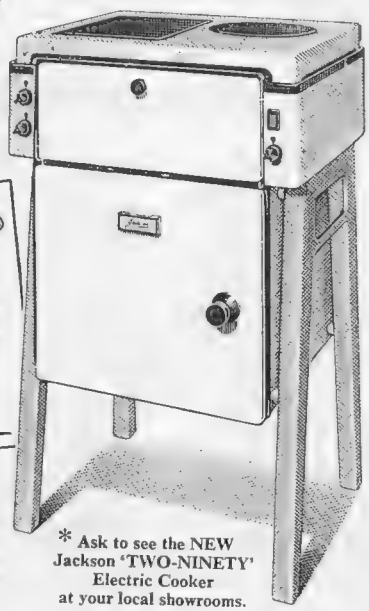

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3 minutes each night devoted to *7* movements of facial massage can bring a new beauty to your skin. Here is one of the movements: With 3 fingers massage with upward strokes the sides of face finishing very lightly under eyes at temples while pronouncing letter "O."

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Entwistle's Comma (*Continued from page 34*)

christened it "Entwistle's Comma." There were pictures of the Entwistles, Mr. Joe Higginbotham and Sir George Murgatroyd.

Other firms joined in; and in the weeks that followed, the movement spread and a common fund was begun to defray the costs of the legal battle all knew pended.

The revenue from P.A.Y.E. shrank from millions of pounds to a mere trickle each week. A crisis on a national scale was at hand.

* * *

In the early stages, the tax collectors regarded the whole affair with aloof disdain. The press reports were dismissed as preposterous. Mr. Entwistle's reported speeches to trade associations, chambers of commerce and similar bodies, were read with amusement and condemned as the ravings of a lunatic. The rapid growth of the movement was disregarded. But when the tax receipts went down like water going out of a bath, the collectors came to life. They made an official report to the inspectors and commenced legal proceedings against the ringleader of the rebellion.

Mr. Entwistle rang up Joe Higginbotham. "I've got it," he said. "It" being the writ. "Get busy, Joe. We'll give 'em 'Entwistle's Comma!'"

The inspectors considered the collectors' report and passed it straightway to the Treasury, where it caused a sensation. The bodies in that mausoleum, knowing little of the doings of ordinary people and of the happenings in the outer world, had never heard of the comma. But, like their regional colleagues, they displayed interest and activity when they were hurt. They acted at once.

The Treasury sent the report to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Chancellor immediately called in his experts. They reported that, owing to the pending litigation, the whole matter was now *sub judice*; nothing could be done until the case had been resolved in the courts. The Chancellor requested the Attorney-General to get a move on, but was informed that, as the Summer Recess had begun, swift action was not possible: legal luminaries would be far and wide over the globe on the great legal vacation. The A.-G. said that the Summer Recess was an ancient custom and could not be interfered with.

THE Chancellor reported to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister wanted to report to Parliament, but he could not do that, for Parliament was also enjoying the Summer Recess. The Government, it seemed, was spread far and wide, too.

The Prime Minister, however, was able to gather together a few Ministers of State and a kind of skeleton Cabinet Meeting was held. The P.M. called upon the Chancellor to outline the case.

The Chancellor did so.

"Preposterous!" said the Minister of Defence, who was annoyed that he had been brought from the south of Europe when he was getting nicely sun-tanned.

"Absolutely preposterous!" said the Minister of Food, who was relieved that, for once, it wasn't his department.

The Chancellor maintained an icy silence, which was one of his strong suits.

"What do you propose, Mr. Chancellor?" asked the Prime Minister.

The Chancellor said little. It was clear that he had nothing to propose.

"Let me arrest the lot," suggested the Home Secretary.

"Call out the Army," snarled the Minister of War, purpling.

The Prime Minister sat with a thoughtful expression on his finely chiselled face. "Who is the chap who started all this malarkey?" he asked. He turned to his secretary, when he had been informed, and gave him his instructions with characteristic vigour.

"Skevvington, kindly let Mr. Eli Entwistle know that I shall fly up to see him tomorrow. Ask him to lay on some apple pie for me at lunch, Skevvington. I like apple pie. And, Skevvington, see to it that my salary is paid gross to me in future."

* * *

Mr. Entwistle was at the airfield to meet the Prime Minister as he stepped from his plane. There were handshakes, mutual greetings and light badinage. Mr. Entwistle then offered lunch which the Prime Minister graciously accepted.

Mr. Entwistle knew of a nice, quiet place where they could get a decent meal and, if they were lucky, a corner table. As it turned out, they were lucky; and as they ate, he gave the Prime Minister an outline of that hectic night when his son, Billy, had made his discovery.

The Prime Minister sighed. "I've never tasted better apple pie," he avowed, wiping his mouth. He lit a cigar and beamed at the mill owner. "And how's business, Eli?"—putting the matter on a friendly footing to start with.

"Booming, P.M.," grinned Mr. Entwistle, responding to this gesture.

"Counting your profits, I'll be bound," said the Prime Minister, with one of his famous sly looks. He wagged a playful finger. "And at twenty shillings in the pound, eh?"

"AT my mill," said Mr. Entwistle, proudly, "output has gone up like a rocket. Hands are working like niggers. There's no clock-watching at Entwistles. I've sold my foreign investments and opened up the old wing which has had cobwebs in it since 1920. The whole place is going like a hive, night and day. My prices have come down with a bump and I landed a whacking big order from South America. And——"

The Prime Minister smilingly held up his hand and stopped the flow.

"I can well imagine it," he said, eyes twinkling. "In fact, Eli, the President of the Board of Trade tells me that last month's figures were an all time record: we've never made so much foreign money before."

"There you are, P.M.," said Mr. Entwistle, triumphantly. "That was my idea when I started this. With the incentive of twenty shillings in the pound, men will work one hundred per cent. Income tax was the root cause of all our troubles . . ."

The Prime Minister held up his hand again. "I agree that we have now closed the gap and are on our way to a surplus at last; and that we've stopped borrowing and we're beating Communism to glory. But don't you see what you've done, Eli, my friend? You've sent abroad the money we must have to run the country—who's going to pay the bill at home?"

The mill owner looked surprised. "I thought about that, too. But I naturally expected that your financial experts would soon find the answer to that. Why—it's obvious, P.M."

"Oh, is it?" said the Prime Minister, letting his cigar go out in his surprise. "Very well then, Eli: you got us into this mess—you get us out of it."

"I'm very gratified, P.M.—you pay me a great compliment. If I were Chancellor, and I could see folk making all this money—which they are doing, why, all I'd do is tax 'em when they spend it."

A look of disappointment crossed the Prime Minister's face. "But we do that already."

"Purchase tax!" said Mr. Entwistle, in tones of the deepest disgust. "Two hundred per cent on this, and nothing on that! That only taxes a man's wits! I want a fair, all-round tax on spending."

"What if they don't spend enough?"

"Then they'll save the money instead."

"So if we substitute a spending tax for income tax," said the Prime Minister, thoughtfully, "we get more output, more saving and less spending, eh, Eli?"

"Precisely, P.M.," said Mr. Entwistle, delighted at this ready grasp of the situation.

"What about the low-income groups?" murmured the Prime Minister.

"A minimum wage, of course—and about time."

The Prime Minister made some rapid calculations on the table cloth. He shook his head. "A spending tax wouldn't be enough, Eli," he said, regretfully.

"Then drop subsidies," said Mr. Entwistle, promptly. "People making plenty of money don't want charity, P.M."

"By golly, Eli," said the Prime Minister, admiringly, "you've got it all weighed up!"

"I can only give you the gist," said Mr. Entwistle, modestly. "The details will have to be worked out by the experts. But if you want a man to work, you've got to pay him twenty shillings in the pound. The moment you pay less, you get less. It's human nature, P.M."

The Prime Minister gazed at Mr. Entwistle; then he leaned over and shook the mill owner's hand heartily. "I must congratulate you on your—er, perspicacity. You'd better join the Cabinet, Eli—I never did like that Chancellor of mine!"

THE Prime Minister insisted on inspecting Entwistle's mill on the way back to the airfield. He walked around and had a good look about him. Then he went into Mr. Entwistle's office and was just congratulating him and saying that he wished he could get him men in Parliament to work as hard as Mr. Entwistle's men, when the door was flung open and young Billy came rushing in.

At first, Billy did not notice the visitor, and he said, in a breathless voice: "Finance Act—is right—after all, Dad."

Then he saw the Prime Minister and came to a dead stop. Mr. Entwistle introduced him. The Prime Minister shook his hand cordially.

"But what did you say about the Finance Act, my boy?" he asked.

Mr. Entwistle gave Billy permission to speak.

"It's about the comma, Dad. It's not a comma."

Mr. Entwistle jumped.

The Prime Minister turned pale.

"It occurred to me," said Billy, "that nobody was checking up on the comma, so I examined the original Act in the Archives. I had to get a permit——"

"Don't mention that word," shuddered the Prime Minister.

"It looked like a comma; it was in the place where commas go and everybody copied it as a comma. But it wasn't."

"What was it, Billy?" asked the Prime Minister, kindly—for he could see that the young man was very upset.

"It—it was a bit of fly-dirt," said Billy brokenly.

"Oh, heck!" said the Prime Minister and Mr. Entwistle, together.

They stared at young Billy and then at each other. In that awful moment, they had a vision of the old country back to the bad old days.

But the Prime Minister was not Prime Minister for nothing.

"Look here, my lads," he said, *sotto voce*, "not a word about this. I've turfed out nine-tenths of the income tax collectors; and I've given that Chancellor bloke a month's notice. I'm not going to have them back—d'you hear? Not on any account.

"The first thing I do, when I get to the Archives, is ink in that comma. It won't be fly-dirt when I've done with it!"

He turned to Mr. Entwistle, grinning. "But that's between ourselves, Mr. Chancellor!"

END

1.5.53

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